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THE

# PEAN OF OXFORD,

A Poem ;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

## A REPLY TO THE CHARGES

ADDUCED

AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY,

IN THE RECENT NUMBERS OF THE EDINBURGH AND  
WESTMINSTER REVIEWS.

BY

WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, B.A.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND  
GREEN; AND H. SLATTER, OXFORD.

1826.

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UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY



WILLIAM C. TOWNSEND, B.A.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, BATES, GREEN, BROWN, AND GREEN; AND W. MATHIAS, OXFORD.

Printed by Munday and Son, Oxford.

THE  
PÆAN OF OXFORD,  
A POEM.

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—"intactæ Palladis urbem  
Carminè perpetuo celebrare."

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"I praise her in set terms, yet, mark me, Sirs,  
She far transcends my praise."

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## PREFACE.

MANY hours have been stolen by the author, when an under-graduate, from his classical studies, in the composition of the following lines ; and, though they are the fruits of truant-time, he will regret its loss with less poignancy, should they be found in some degree worthy their illustrious theme. Assuredly there are few topics of more kindling interest for any who desire to “play the orator,” few on which a lover of his country, and of letters, can dwell with more liberal delight. The city itself in a beau-



tiful old age, once the capital of England, where her kings resided, and the councils of the nation met—the superb array of colleges which, constructed in ages of comparative rudeness, would not shame the magnificence of the present æra—the pleasant retreats of garden or cloister, so dear to the musings of the poet, associated as they are with those studies which add to life its loveliest charm, and with the spirits of those wise and good men, who have adorned or gladdened their generation—all fling, as it were, spells over the mind, and exert a refining influence on the memory, the fancy, and the taste. It has been said by Swift, that all panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy; but surely, in the contemplation of such images, if judiciously presented for eulogy, the reader may long repose without sense of satiety



or fatigue. Neither has this vantage ground of subject been invaded to the exclusion of fresh occupants. The philosopher has dilated on the beneficial or baneful effects of its system, the novelist has put in strongest light those points which admit most readily the hues of fiction, and the satirist has been busied in plucking up the few weeds which are to be found in its courts. It was reserved for Tickell, in his "Oxford," to grasp the lyre of eulogistic poesy, but he has chanted his strain in those level tones which "neither gods, nor men, nor columns" will allow; and though detraction would vainly search the lines for any limping prosody, friendship might sum them up also, nor find one of superior excellence. Warton, indeed, in his "Triumph of Isis," has struck a nobler chord with that elegance and tact, so peculiarly his own, which in-

vest with amenity every subject, whether of accident or choice. But he wrote briefly for a party purpose, and the politician stifled the poet. It has been the ambition of the present writer to pursue his laudative through those many bearings, which these “*haud contemnendi Vates*,” (to use the classical mode of extorted praise,) left unexplored. He has been anxious to bear his pillar, however roughly hewn, and imperfectly shapen, towards the erection of that edifice which is due to the merits and fame of the University, and may express his hope, with the veteran of antiquity, that though the trophy is of wood when it should have been of marble, it may yet be allowed to stand in respect of its gallant theme.

The notes have been principally selected from the anecdotal literature of Oxford.

The Reply to the Charges in the Westminster and Edinburgh Reviews has been dictated at a later period, from a sense of honest indignation at their substituting unmeasured invective and positive assertion in the room of logical reasoning, evidence, and proof. Their answer demanded no able champion, since hardihood only is requisite to be scurrilous, but accurate knowledge to be severe. The author of the Reply may claim exemption from selfish motives, feeling for his "Alma Mater" that regard and reverence which a residence of five years is so well calculated to inspire, but not cumbered with a burden of personal gratitude, and able to apply to himself the words of honest Antony Wood, though written of a very different performance. "This work had been more fitted for some learned Professor than for the

writer, who has not filled any place or office in the University, and may truly say, that he has not eaten the bread of any founder."

The conclusion of the sentence can be applied to few Bachelors of the present day:

"He is an universal lover of mankind, passing all his time in reading, writing, and divine contemplation, whether by day or night."



# Introduction

The purpose of this book is to provide a comprehensive overview of the current state of research in the field of artificial intelligence. It is intended for researchers, students, and practitioners who are interested in the latest developments in this rapidly evolving field. The book covers a wide range of topics, including machine learning, natural language processing, computer vision, and robotics. It also discusses the ethical implications of AI and the challenges that lie ahead. The book is organized into several chapters, each focusing on a specific area of research. The first chapter provides an overview of the field, while the subsequent chapters delve into more specialized topics. The book is written in a clear and concise style, making it accessible to a broad audience. It is hoped that this book will serve as a valuable resource for anyone interested in the field of artificial intelligence.

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## A REPLY TO THE CHARGES

Adduced in recent Numbers of

### **The Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews**

AGAINST THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

IT has seemed not irrelevant to the design of the following poem, which has for its end and aim the praise of an University, the perpetual boast and bulwark of piety and learning, to attempt a refutation of several calumnies which have appeared in recent numbers of two leading periodical journals, the Westminster Review for July, and the Edinburgh for August. From their general ability, and rapid circulation, they operate most materially, when uncontradicted, in prejudicing the public mind; the axiom being critically just, that nothing exceeds the propensity to scandal, but the proneness of belief. That portion of the literary world which has

taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge may know the injustice of the attack, and facility of rejoinder, but men in general live and move, so entirely ignorant of academical regulations, that they deem a Class an object of some distinction, but a Grand Compoundership of far higher. This, however, is a topic of no private or petty interest, and it will be my object to prove for their information, by adducing the most obnoxious passages with a running commentary, how some facts are highly coloured, others warped and distorted, and others resting on no firmer basis than the imagination of the accuser.

To commence with the Westminster Review, to which the saying of Porson against Gibbon may be applied, that it argues with the warmth of personal hatred; and the following is its first proposition, on the academical system pursued: "If the system is not pernicious, it is "useless; at least it is purposeless." It will be readily granted, that if the books which are usually studied at Oxford did not confirm the mind in moral and religious principles, and were not calculated to store the student with useful ideas and agreeable images, the system which inculcated a study of them would be pernicious: that, if they did not tend to strengthen the judgment, the memory, the imagination, they would be useless; that, if



they did not improve the sentiments, the tastes, and social affections, they would be purposeless. But we have the experience of several centuries, the authority of the wisest and best characters, who adorned those centuries, the dicta of all the literati on the Continent (the lovers of paradox excepted,) that classical studies do fully produce these fruits, nay, more, that they are requisite for etymology, without which our own language cannot be well understood,—that they supply common topics, and kindle common feelings—that the mind is incompetent to enter well on a liberal profession before it has been enlarged, and refined by classical studies—that their happy influence is universally felt throughout every faculty of the soul, and that, acting through the media of the professions, and a large portion of the gentry, they give a tone to the national character; wherefore they are not purposeless or useless, much less pernicious.

A persuasion of these truths, and a knowledge that the authors flourished principally in the age of Pericles, when Greece was divided into thriving republics, and in the age of Augustus, the politest of all æras, will evince the futility of the following reflection: “We maintain, “with all our vigour of argument, and example, and “anger, the system which cultivates the rough desert of

“man’s mind, as it was cultivated, when man was a ty-  
 rant and a slave, when he was ignorant of arts and  
 sciences, comfortless, powerless, and debased; which  
 makes monks when there are no longer convents.”—  
 The Reviewer continues: “If our institutions educate  
 lawyers, and merchants, and physicians, and statesmen,  
 they teach them what they teach to churchmen, Ovid  
 and Catullus, Homer and drinking, driving curricles,  
 or stage coaches, and rowing boats. Must we con-  
 clude, that education is an useless labour, that nature  
 does all, that man at twenty-four springs up a lawyer,  
 a statesman, or a physician, to act and govern by in-  
 tuition, and, well imbued with syntax and port, to  
 transfer his hand from the reins of four greys, to those  
 of the state?” Ridicule, it has been observed, is a bad  
 test of truth, and, after this sparkling diatribe, a plain  
 description of what Oxford, the University sneered at,  
 causes all to gain, who are honoured by her with a de-  
 gree, will appear stale and flat, but, I hope, not unpro-  
 fitable, since, what it loses in brilliancy, it gains in truth.  
 She teaches youths designed for every profession, with-  
 out discrimination; the rudiments of religion professedly,  
 and more than the rudiments in reality—the proofs, doc-  
 trines, and history of the Christian religion—the writing

Latin with correctness, if not elegance, two Greek, and two Latin authors; (there may be instanced, as common books for degree-men, four Plays of Sophocles, a volume of Herodotus, Virgil's *Æneid*, the Odes, Epodes, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace) also a knowledge of the history and geography comprised. She does not teach rowing boats, drinking, or driving curricles; there is a wide difference between what may be accidentally learned by some, and what is positively taught to all; she does not teach Ovid, a classic never taken into the Schools; nor Catullus, which is occasionally selected by a candidate for a first Class, as a work of supererogation. Why, then, are these Classics introduced? Because they are the most licentious of the Latin poets, and consequently, we are to infer, favourites with clerical instructors.

It is not concluded that education is an useless labour: four of the most valuable years of life are dedicated at the University to a general education in the humanities: and the student is goaded on to acquisition by every inducement, which rewards, honours, exhortation, and example can supply. It is not concluded that man springs up at twenty-four a physician by intuition; the degree of M. D. is only conferred, after he has proceeded in arts, allowing four years to the disciple of *Æsculapius*



to visit the London hospitals, to visit the modern Athens. Even at Oxford, when an undergraduate, he has the ability of attending able lectures on Pharmacy, on Anatomy, and Chemistry. It is concluded that the Latin language is indispensable for a physician, and that the language of Hippocrates is highly creditable and useful. We have it on record, that Pitt stepped from the college to the cabinet; and Pitt is allowed by all parties to have been, at least, an able minister. Liverpool and Eldon, and Canning and Peel are generally regarded as able managers of the reins of government, and though it is doubtful, whether they were taught to manage the reins of four greys at Oxford, certain it is, that they were taught there an intimate acquaintance with the policies, laws, and history of the most famous states of antiquity, no slender foundation for a statesman. The barrister does not profess to gain his title or legal lore from the University; but what barrister will deny the utility (I had almost said necessity) of raising a legal edifice on the broad and massy basis of classical knowledge? Without directly qualifying a man for any of the employments of life, it enriches and ennobles all. Without teaching him the peculiar business of any one office, or calling, it enables him to act his part in each of them with better

grace and more elevated carriage, and if happily planned and conducted, is a main ingredient in that complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously, all duties, both private and public, of peace and war.

“He must educate himself, and thus doing, he condemns by his practice the system in which he has been brought up, though if a member of either Alma, of any establishment, he is rarely honest enough to confess his own folly, and that of his parents and ancestors.”

If certain travellers took their places by the Diligence for Paris, and when they had entered the gates, separated, each diverging into that street which led to the particular part of the city, in which he proposed to dwell, would the individuals, by thus separating into different private routes, prove that they had come wrong together, and had each been carried by the Diligence out of their way? It is not the national character to remain silent when aggrieved; John Bull has generally been accounted a grumbler even without sufficient cause, but of course, according to republican reasoning, discontent is synonymous with honesty, and he, who feels grateful for presumed benefits, is prejudiced and besotted. The decision of Livy, “*major pars, ut plerumque fit, melio-*

*rem vicit*," is comfortable for a minority, and let the party, complaining in this question, comfort themselves with the decision, provided they remain in a minority.

"The monopoly has cheated them with the semblance of teaching; it has taught them what they have not learned, or if they have learned what it has taught, they have found too late, that it is useless, and must be forgotten. It has cheated them of their wealth and their time; it has cheated, as far as it could, the state which depends on their acquisitions; it has not made the citizens which it promised; it is not an alma mater, but a harpy and a robber."

"What think you of that, Master Brooke?" Warren Hastings is said to have doubted whether he were not a scoundrel, though he was in reality a very honest man, from the strength of Sheridan's invective, and many a son of Alma will begin to wonder how he has been cheated by her, on perusing these hardy assertions. What physical or moral necessity induces the Reviewer to say that classical literature is useless, and must be forgotten? In the judgments of Stowell, in the speeches of Grenville, in the discourses of Benson, in the writings of Southey, we find the diction and sentiment glowing with traces of classic imitation. Deluded men that they are!



they have enjoyed large experience, and been conversant with many honours, yet have not discovered that the literature, which was an ornament in their youth, and a recreation in their manhood, ought to be discarded, that University lore must be forgotten. How has Alma cheated them? What is cheating? Can low trickery, as it is defined, exist in a voluntary contract of this nature? Is this cheating, to admit a youth on his own petition to certain privileges, and to grant him the degree which he covets, on his acquiring that knowledge which he knew to be exacted from all, and for the acquisition of which she furnishes the most able instructors and the most tried system of instruction? The Universities have often borne the title of antiquated ladies, but this figure of the harpy is novel, and not more unpolite than unjust. Far from corrupting the viands, she furnishes entertainment to very many; and, if a robber, a sort of highway-woman, acts the part of a generous one, furnishing to the most necessitous from an ample storehouse. If, however, the simile be at fault, it must not escape us, that the simile is made by one who proclaims war of internecion against the classics, and declares the necessity of forgetting them. He might as well, when traducing the venerable maids, by a comparison with

semi-barbarous deities, have compared either of them to the Scylla, all beauty above the wave, and all deformity below; or to the Syren, who, by her sweet singing, ensnared the companions of Ulyssés to their own destruction; or to the Minotaur, to whom the chosen youth of Athens were annually offered as victims. These comparisons would have been equally accurate, for she bears an equal resemblance to them all.

“When we shall become as wise as Sparta, our universal youth will not be employed seventeen years in learning the languages of Sparta and Rome.” When we do become as wise as Sparta, our youth will be trained in such complete military discipline, as to dispel the terrors of those would-be politicians, who look with horror upon Russian ambition, but will be most profoundly ignorant, *sans* arts, *sans* science, *sans* every thing in literature. Our universal youth is no more engaged seventeen years in learning the dead languages, than a merchant is seventeen years in learning business. They are not directed to read authors in emulation of that learned Spaniard, who thought that the best part of a book was the index; they are engaged in learning the contents, not the mere letters, and, as an able writer has previously stated, are just as much occupied in learning



Greek and Latin, when reading Pindar, Thucydides, or Tacitus, as the scholar is in learning English, when reading Shakspeare, Milton, or Hume. How many, it may be asked, even of the limited number who obtain a competent knowledge of Greek, know any thing of the language of Sparta, of the different species of the Doric dialect?

“ We learn Latin, because, then, there was no book  
 “ that was not Latin, and because, for want of a lan-  
 “ guage adapted to its purposes, a barbarous Roman  
 “ tongue was the language of learning, and law, and  
 “ science.” These reasons for learning Latin, perhaps  
 equally just, may also be assigned, because it is indis-  
 pensable in the professions of divinity, law, and physic:  
 because it is the mother tongue, from which the chief mo-  
 dern languages of Europe are derived, the French being  
 scarcely more than a dialect, and the Italian a corrup-  
 tion—because we cannot converse otherwise in our own  
 native tongue with accuracy and precision, *οικειως και κυριως*  
 —because the want of it would be deemed opprobrious  
 in any literary coterie—because, finally, the Latin Clas-  
 sics are pronounced models of composition, of judgment,  
 and taste; and an able writer like the Reviewer, however  
 smitten with the love of novel hypothesis, will not argue

that the best translation can preserve the latent grace and subtle charm of the original; that Pope or Cowper convey to a mere English reader the spirit of Homer, or that Murphy's style is the style of Tacitus. It matters little though this assertion "treat the great race of undertakers, stock-brokers, booksellers, and fishmongers, and a long *hoc genus omne*, with somewhat aristocratical contempt; and though it be not very civilly predicated of ensigns, major-generals, sea-captains, and attorneys."

An University education, in its old-fashioned sense, was never deemed incumbent on such distinguished personages; and even they are, in general, taught at an academy how to decline *musa*, and conjugate *amo*.

"The physical, animal delight, inseparable from early youth; the recollection of stolen and vicious pleasures at a later period; the rare enjoyments remembered while the pains are forgotten; a casual community in idleness or vice, or perhaps in study, accidentally converted into what is called friendship, cause the thoughtless to attribute to the system, to the public school, or the college, to Latin and Greek, what would have existed under any system."

Shame on that ignorance which could assign, shame on that malice, if it be not ignorance, which could in-

vent such motives for as pure and generous friendships as are to be formed on earth, formed in the noblest season of life, when engaged in the noblest studies. We have here an accurate description of those points of union which united Johnson and Savage, when they lay whole nights on barks in the streets of London, which clubbed Burns and his companions together in the Taverns of Edinburgh. But, why name the indiscretions of eminent men? What points but these bind in companionship the debauchee, the gamester, and the ruffian? It is not the recollection of stolen and vicious pleasures, nor a casual community in idleness and vice, but the emulation of kindred pursuits; the warmth of similar sentiments; the glow of liberal studies and recreations; the juncture of right hearts in right places, unwarped, as far as human nature may be, by sordid ambition or love of self, which knit amity between the man of the world and the man of letters, and concur in creating one general character, that of the scholar and the gentleman. These are friendships which, hallowed by time and recollection, render the University most dear; next to country and home; and convert an old Oxford calendar into a volume of poetry. There, as Swift expresses it, they make their intimacies, and there they leave their regrets.



“ I confess,” writes Lowth to Warburton, “ I have had  
“ the benefits of an Oxford education : I have enjoyed all  
“ the advantages, both public and private, which that emi-  
“ nent seat of learning is so well calculated to afford. I  
“ have spent there many years in a well-regulated course  
“ of discipline and study, in the society of scholars and  
“ gentlemen, where emulation without envy, and rivalry  
“ without animosity, awaken activity and kindle genius.”  
Such friendships as these (it would be invidious to quote  
instances) could not exist under *any* system.

“ If the heart of age throbs with recollected delight at  
“ an Ode of Horace, so might it have throbbed at the  
“ movements of a steam-engine, had useful science oc-  
“ cupied the place of nonsense verses.”

Youth, the season of imagination and the passions,  
can surely never be trained to receive the same pleasure  
from dry details of mechanics, as it does receive from  
lively fiction, pleasing imagery, and exalted sentiments;  
the heart of the boy can never throb with the same de-  
light on learning the effects of steam, and the improve-  
ments of a spinning jenny, as in tracing the wanderings of  
Ulysses and Æneas, which poetry has attired in its most  
graceful drapery ; in reading the charms of Lalagé, and  
following the march of Hannibal. There may be several

minds so constituted “dry as the last biscuit after a voyage;” there are many youths, at whose birth the Muses never smiled; but, when the education of such is alone attended to, we may well exclaim, that the “age of chivalry is gone, that an age of calculators, sophists, and political economists has succeeded.”

“It is the eternal boast that all our great statesmen and lawyers have been of this school or that college; that Mr. Fox was of Eton or Westminster, it matters little which; and Blackstone of Brasenose or Christ Church, it is indifferent.”

The writer is correct in asserting, that it matters little whether we state Blackstone to have been of Brasenose or Christ Church, seeing that he was of All Souls! But, why should he feel anger at, or vituperate the college, for boasting of its former members, who have shone like lights in the world. More than human testimony assures us, that the tree is known by its fruits.

“We will venture to ask the mass from Oxford and Cambridge, if the mass could frame an answer—Is there, not any useful acquisition made from a public school, or a grammar school, but is there any acquisition whatever?”

Surely this sentence is as much charged with prejudice

as a thunder-cloud with electricity! It is presumed by the laws, that every infant (to use the legal phrase) who understands the nature of an oath, is capable of giving a simple reply to a simple question. The Reviewer, in the exercise of his sober discretion, doubts whether the mass from Oxford and Cambridge have the like faculty. And he too a declaimer against prejudice! "I was," says an amusing public school-man, "a severely beaten fag, a " little fagot-lighting, shoe-polishing, gaiter-buttoning, " basin-cleaning, towel-drying, bread-toasting, chocolate-making varlet." These are acquisitions, as well as an exemption from that awkward diffidence, that *noti me tangere* manner which deforms the national character. But, to be serious: Is not the capability of writing elegant Latin verse, gained at these noble "marts of metre," an acquisition? Are not generous friendships, gentlemanly manners, habits of spontaneous and continued attention, of methodical observation, and memory, of taste, of judgment, and invention, all to be gained at the public school, acquisitions? Undoubtedly they are, if acquisition means, as Dr. Johnson defines it, something gained.

"He will be a hardy man who will assert, or a clever " one who will prove, that, up to the period of leaving " school, we may almost add, college also, one boy of a

“ thousand does read, or wishes to read, any classical  
“ author, for the sake of his matter, be that what it  
“ may.”

There are several, to my private knowledge, who have passed the Schools, but being compelled to reside two Terms longer for their degree, (nay, several who have taken a degree,) who continue to pursue with profit and pleasure a course of reading in the Classics, and to attend those lectures on the sciences, which, however convenient for a declaimer against Oxford discipline to overlook, diffuse no contemptible knowledge of Physics amongst the body of students, and are allowed to succeed to, though not to supersede, a knowledge of the Classics. However hardy the appeal may seem, I would appeal to any man of standing in the University, whether there be not such instances, not one in a thousand, but one in ten. Yet shortly after the assertion, the Reviewer proceeds to add, in the triumphant tone of the philosopher, who has solved a problem, “ *εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα,*” “ we have pretty clearly shown that not one in a thousand reads a Latin author for his matter, and not one in ten thousand a Greek one.” “ Does the man exist, “ who, if he were freed from the mystery, the cant, and “ the fallacy of the system, would not prefer a mastery



“ of the German to the Greek, or the French to the  
“ Latin ? ”

*Dî vestram fidem !* In the name of common sense, why should we prefer the German to the Greek ? Should we prefer it for practical utility ? How many of our academical youth make out invoices for Hamburgh ? or are destined to visit the Frankfort and Leipsic fairs ?— Should we prefer it for its authors ? Till within the last half century, the native literature of Germany was neglected, or applied as ancillary to classical research, and, even so applied, no singular opinion pronounced, that trifling loss would be sustained by literature, if the tribe of German commentators were buried in the German Ocean. What has the last half century produced, (with a few splendid exceptions) but mystical polemics, thorny metaphysics, a morbidly sentimental drama, whose clumsy efforts of humour and merriment remind us of the pawings of the ass in the fable ; a series of fictions, in which the occasional sublime is smothered by vulgar ribaldry, by mawkish affectation, and distorted pathos ? Should we prefer the German in itself ? Is it superior to the Greek in strength, or in richness, or in majesty, or in rhythm ? the Greek ! a language, the discussion of whose merits warms the philologist into a poet, and makes the



most cynical criticism assume the tone of admiration; so ductile that the discoveries of modern ingenuity have recourse to its nomenclature for designation, and so harmonious, that to persons, who are ignorant of the meaning of the terms, their very sounds are productive of pleasure; equally suited to the philosopher, who would convince the understanding, by terse, and subtle argument; to the historian, whose storied page wins attention, by distinct and perspicuous detail; to the orator, whose climax of indignation is expressed in all the roundness of the period; and to the poet, whose sublime imaginings attain, but not exhaust, its range and compass of expression. This, too, the language of a people characterised by whatever was high in genius, excellent in art, rich in intellect. Though the remains are few, they are rare and precious specimens, and, like the jewels of the Prince of Portugal, equal in value to many myriad pieces of common coin. Shall we prefer a mastery of the German to the Greek? There was but one further step of boldness for the critic to take—the assertion that whoever is free from the cant of the system, must prefer the light of reason to the truths of revelation! But perchance the critic is “a fellow of infinite humour,” and has made this assertion in sly jest; perhaps

he has been anxious to show into what a bathos the love of paradox may conduct its votaries. Cicero laughs at those Epicureans who talk of the nature of the gods, with as much flippancy as if they had dropped from the second heavens, and always became the more confident, the more fanciful their hypothesis. A preference of the French to the Latin does not sound, in unsophisticated ears, so glaringly absurd, since it is the favourite language of conversation, and a medium of intercourse with continental Europe. But, if we may believe Dr. Beattie, a writer of no despicable authority, one year, spent in analysing a Latin author, will be found to cultivate the human faculties more than seven, spent in prattling that French, which may be learned by rote, nor would a complete course of Voltaire yield half so much improvement to a young mind as a few books of a good Latin author, such as Livy, Cicero, or Virgil. Besides, Godwin says, (and he is no timid writer, trammelled by prejudices,) that if there be any wisdom in the present age, any reasoning powers, any acquaintance with the secrets of nature, any refinement of language, any elegance of composition, any love of all that can adorn and benefit the human race, the study of such classics as these is the source from which they ultimately flowed.

“ A hundred thousand of us contrive to govern half  
“ as many millions of oriental foreigners ; and are pre-  
“ pared for that end, not by acquiring Sanscrit, or Ara-  
“ bic, Persian, or Hindostanee, but by learning barba-  
“ rous rhymes about Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo.”—  
Without imitating an instant example, and discussing  
the merits of Hayleybury College, of which he may be  
ignorant, the scholar will freely admit that, if the rhymes  
of Virgil, and Horace, and Propertius, and of the other  
Classics who discuss, amongst other themes, Mars, Bac-  
chus, and Apollo, are barbarous, then was the wisdom of  
our ancestors folly, then is education an imposture, and  
learning a name. When these rhymes are proved bar-  
barous, then all this and more will be conceded, but not  
till then !

“ It has been said by one, who has anticipated us on  
“ this subject, but, in vain, that Solon would not have  
“ trusted the Spartans with the education of the Athe-  
“ nian youth, and that still less would Lycurgus have  
“ put his pupils under the Helots.”

The Spartans were, according to history, a race of  
considerable prowess, who paid great attention to corpo-  
real, but little to mental discipline. The Helots were  
enslaved Messenians, (to use a modern elegant term) the

operatives of Sparta, who were occasionally forced to drink to excess, by their cruel masters, that they might inculcate on their children the baneful effects of inebriety, and were occasionally assassinated, to prevent insurrections, by two thousands at a time. What obliquity can lead the Reviewer to fancy a likeness between the Spartans, or Helots, and the English clergy?

“Never was a system better contrived not to teach a language.” So says Hamilton, the discoverer of a royal road to languages; so says M’Gowan, the teacher of a provincial academy, who professes to make his boys in six months better Latinists than Oxford professors; so says the Lord Rector of Glasgow! Against this formidable array, I will not oppose such prejudiced scholars as Porson, or Elmsley, or Parr, or Blomfield, but will simply quote the opinion of the Edinburgh Review. This partial Journal, (not particularly partial to the Universities, as will shortly be proved,) asserts, that in that University especially, more immediately dedicated to classical learning, a system of education has been introduced, better calculated than any heretofore known, for obtaining the ends there encouraged.

“If Justus Lipsius composed a work in Latin at four years of age, it was not by means of prosody and parsing.”



The founders and endowers of colleges never intended them to feed children with milk and Latin, or to provide for authors at the breast. It must be reserved for the new London University, which proposes to put the Encyclopædia into the hands of its pupils, instead of the Bible, to produce for the wonder of an age which particularly admires infant prodigies, new Master Burkes, and new Master Goldsmiths. This Lipsius, the pet of the Reviewer, however he may have prattled in Latin, is said by Scaliger to have been, when a full-grown man, a mere smatterer in Greek.

“ We may safely ask what world, what *man*, is taught “ at Eton or Oxford, but we will not be at the trouble “ of answering.”

There may be smartness in this quip; as Lord Kames considers wit a sort of taking by surprise, there may be wit in it, with a sprinkling of pungent Attic salt; one point is very clear, there is any thing but argument.— The question might not be so safely put in those games, where a simple inquirer is made to pay forfeit. Let the querist visit either the House of Lords, or St. Stephen’s Chapel, or the King’s Bench, or the College of Physicians, and remember the motto “ *circumspice.*”

“ Science works like a mole in the ground, unseen

“and unhonoured; but it raises imperishable structures, perhaps, to see its own name perish before its face, before the lustre of a dealer in longs and shorts, the utility of an elegant scholar.”

In the same tone of irony the student, who has been mentally brought up at the banks of Ilissus, and Tiber, may rail at the cleanliness of a viscera-searching anatomist, at the elegance of a dabbler in oxalic acids. But classical studies in general infuse a better taste. “At ohe! jam satis.” These quotations and comments might be extended with facility, but surely these are sufficient to show the general inaccuracy and extreme unfairness of the Reviewer. Let him remember that, though “it be easy to sing the old song,” it is easier still to frame startling and splendid paradoxes—that he who talks of the “wisdom of despising our ancestors,” is sure to gain an audience—and that in letters, as well as in war, a daring invasion is more brilliant than a successful defence. Let him remember also, that the starting novel hypotheses with such sentences as “Does the man exist who will,” &c.; “Who will disprove it;” may be readily parodied. “Does there live that judge of music, who would not prefer as an instrument the Jew’s-harp to the flute? Can there be found that lover of natural philosophy,



“ who would not hold the science of shells in higher esteem than geology? Rowland’s Kalydor will give amenity to the features of the plain! Who will disprove it?” The article is one of considerable ability, but what ability will excuse such sayings as “the spawn of Westminster,” “theology is the clergy’s *trade* which it *ought* at least to understand;” such axioms as “leisure is not capacity,” “he who learns Latin, in order to learn English, is the man who learns how to build a house, that he may be able to cut a coat;” and such discoveries as “were it not for our mothers and nurses, it is tolerably certain that we should possess as little language as an ourang-outang;” “scarcely one ray of science or art pervades the darkness of either House of Parliament?” At these wonderful paragraphs it requires no more knowledge of the world than Dominic Sampson possessed to exclaim pro-di-gi-ous.

The Edinburgh Review assailed Oxford many years since, and received on that occasion of knight-errantry one of the severest floggings on record in the annals of literary castigations. Whether that punishment has had the effect of hardening in boldness, or of correcting, there are melancholy instances before us.

“The young patrician is trained, if not in much sci-

“ once, at least in deep reverence for the mother church,  
“ and in as great horror of the Pope, as his ancestors  
“ were taught to entertain for the Reformation, in the  
“ same halls, supported by the same rents.”

So far from being taught to hold the Pope in horror, I doubt whether the majority of students know if the reigning Pontiff be a Pius or a Leo. If the Reviewer identifies the Pope with his followers, he is again incorrect in his expression. A knowledge of the Articles instructs the patrician to regard their tenets not with feelings of horror, but of pity. He is indeed trained by an University of the establishment to hold a church of the establishment in reverence; and may the age be far distant when such reverence shall be deemed a legitimate topic of ridicule. If the term “Halls” be used specifically, the assertion is incorrect. They have no *foundations*, and are supported from the rents of rooms, paid by voluntary and independent students.

“ We have the most entire persuasion, that the plan  
“ of sending young men of eighteen or nineteen to live  
“ together for the three most critical years of their life,  
“ at a distance from their parents or guardians, subject  
“ to no effectual or useful controul, and suffered to drink,  
“ dice, and wench as they please; to read what they

“ please, and associate with whom they please, provided  
 “ they are regular in attending at chapel for five minutes  
 “ in a morning, and in wearing the proper vestments,  
 “ and showing themselves at the hour of grace before  
 “ meat—is one of the most extravagant follies that ever  
 “ entered into the minds of men, and would have been  
 “ deemed too absurd a caricature of human improvidence,  
 “ had it been only known in some page of Gulliver’s  
 “ Travels, and not grown silently into an English habit.”

The English, forsooth, in the nineteenth century, are  
 in the silent practice of a habit, which if it had been read  
 in the pages of Gulliver, that veracious historian of a  
 race of men six inches high, of a mastiff equal in bulk to  
 four elephants, and of horses which went in trotting forty  
 yards at every step, would have been considered too  
 absurd a caricature. Such a gigantic hyperbole would  
 stagger the faith of the most credulous man, were he  
 totally ignorant of the topic under discussion, and on  
 inquiry he would discover that his suspicions were not  
 ill-grounded. The writer who states in such broad  
 terms the habitual practice of every juvenile vice un-  
 checked, and persisted in at pleasure, forgets, either wil-  
 fully, or ignorantly, that there is any proctorial controul,  
 any vigilant surveillance of fellows and tutors, any impo-

sitions, rustications, expulsions. Vigilance cannot be extended further, unless it descend into mean espionage; punishment cannot be rendered more effectual, unless the Reviewer would substitute the stocks in the room of confinement to chapel and hall, or would revive the obsolete mode of flagellation, instead of rejection in the schools. But, then, they are allowed to read what they please! The studious and the ambitious are sufficiently secured from habits of desultory reading by the stirring studies, and stirring honours of the place; and it would be difficult to guess, by what system of weekly confession, by what functions of an inquisitor, the most cautious parent could guard his son from reading pernicious passages were his mind so bent on vitiating itself, and so prone to mental seduction, when every well-furnished library must supply, and the most standard English authors are disgraced by licences, which strict morality shrinks from and condemns. Yes, but they are allowed to associate with whom they please! Youth naturally seeks companionship, and solitude has been accounted the most dangerous state for that period of life. Though the saying of Antisthenes be correct, that the chief end of philosophy is to teach a man the art of living by himself, young men are not philosophers. Have they the choice of



better companions in the country or in the crowded city? Have they not an honest pride in gaining worthy associates, and have they not the best opportunities? The saying of Burke can never be allowed as correct, that "vice is made to lose all its grossness," but the few who are led astray are not confirmed in disgraceful excesses, nor is their number so great, as to render the danger appalling. Let us examine the effect, for, if the effect be good, it is fair to infer that the cause is good also. Are men, who have taken their degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, shunned as the Juans of society? Are they inferior in integrity of character, (I speak of the vast majority) in amenity of manners, in gentlemanly habits, to those who have vegetated in the vacancy of a country life, or those who have had no greater temptations than the commerce of a crowded town? Is not the large body of the clergy, whose thoughts, words, and deeds are in a great measure moulded on their University education, eminently conspicuous for the possession of those qualities, which adorn the national character? I would challenge the spirit of detraction itself to deny the fact, or the inference. The parent, then, may still be improvident enough to send his son to the University, which produces such models of her discipline, just as the householder is



improvident enough to sleep in peace, though Croker (not of the admiralty) has proved, that the earthquake has travelled from Lisbon to Smyrna, and will travel thence to England.

“ The Scotch plan of uniting domestic habits and parental superintendence with college study, seems to us  
“ incalculably better adapted to form both learned and  
“ good men, and is amply sufficient to account for the  
“ superiority of our youth in sober, prudent, and virtuous  
“ habits, as well as proficiency in their studies.”

The superiority of the Scottish youth, in habits of sobriety and prudence, partakes too much of a national virtue for the college to plume itself upon it. The distinction of a table's length between scot and sot had become obsolete, when James I. moved his court from Edinburgh to London. It requires a portion of Scottish second sight to acknowledge that their youth have a greater proficiency in their studies, though such an event may perchance happen in the days of our children's children. Some may question even this remote probability, who remember, that Buchanan, their last scholar, was born somewhere in the sixteenth century. Young, indeed, and Lockhart and Sandford may sit in the chair, but they come limping '*longo post intervallo*,' and show that the

visits of their scholars should be hailed as the visits of their Poet's Angels, "being few and far between." What account does a keen visitor give us of their leading University? "Before their boys of fourteen have learned Latin enough to be able to read any Latin author with facility, and before they have learned Greek enough to enable them to understand thoroughly any one line in any one Greek book in existence, they are handed over to the professors of logic, &c. We see and know as well as if we had examined every lad in Edinburgh, that not one of them, who has enjoyed no better means of instruction than these, can possibly know any thing more than the merest and narrowest rudiments of classical learning." If then they have a greater proficiency, it is just such an one, as a clever boy from a spruce academy would have, were he to compete with a Senior Wrangler at a sum in practice, or at an account involving the rule of three. It would be easy to instance incorrect editions of Greek books at the Glasgow press, and fribbling lectures of professors on the character of Monimia in Otway, in confirmation of these remarks, had not the paragraphs already assumed too much the manner of attack. But we all know the rebuff which the national vaunts of Moniplies drew upon him.

“ Which of the lay youths, we would ask, at Oxford or  
“ Cambridge ever attends, or thinks of attending a single  
“ lecture on divinity? The handful destined for the  
“ church, no doubt, go to such lectures as are there de-  
“ livered on theological matters: and so, of necessity,  
“ young men of the new University will go to some lec-  
“ tures on the same subjects wherever they are to be  
“ heard. But what young man of fortune, or what  
“ youth intended for the army or the bar, ever entered  
“ the door of a divinity lecture-room in either Univer-  
“ sity? In a thousand students, then, it is plain that  
“ exactly the same number will learn divinity at the  
“ London, the Oxford, or the Cambridge Colleges.”

It will be best for sake of method to take each part of this grand climax in order, though Aldrich, with all his acuteness, never contemplated such a syllogistic sentence as the preceding.

A layman myself, and destined for the legal profession, I have attended with considerable advantage the lectures of the Regius and Margaret professors of divinity, and have never been accused of eccentricity in so doing. Those who are destined for the clerical profession are obliged (a willing duty) to attendance, being asked for a certificate to that effect previous to ordination, but they

form no handful, being a majority, at the lowest computation, of four to one. The men of the new self-styled University may roam at large, as inexperience, or caprice, or novelty may lead them, to hear doctrines on divinity wherever they may be heard—at the church or the conventicle, or the synagogue. Why they must become hearers “of necessity,” it would be difficult to guess a reason, the fines for non-attendance at a place of public worship being not very rigorously exacted. But every Oxford man may and must hear, within his own college gates, sound Lectures on Theology. The man of fortune meets with too many equals to claim peculiar privileges and exemptions, and the young Hotspur is constrained to go through the same routine as a sober cit. The path to a degree lies through the schools, and the student must have some acquaintance with divinity to gain sure footing there. No census is taken of his wealth. The Examining Chaplains of the Bishops will not, in general, allow that exactly the same number of good divines appears before them, from the Oxford and Cambridge colleges (to use the phrase of rustics and the Reviewer.) Whether London will send the same number exactly, they may never, in all likelihood, be troubled with ascertaining. The



similar cases are like parallel lines in science, which, though extended to infinitude, will never meet.

“But there are other institutions, it is said, besides the mere Lectures. Indeed! Where be those institutions? By whom are they conveyed? In what form, at what hours do the ingenuous youth drink in the sacred lore? Can it be pretended that the subscription of the articles communicates a knowledge of their dogmas?”

Aristotle (but then he is no authority) cautions his pleader never to put a question, save when no answer can be elicited without favouring his argument. In unlucky forgetfulness, or petulant contempt of this caution, the critic puts categorical questions, which may be met by as categorical replies. Where be those institutions? In the different colleges and halls. By whom are they conveyed? By the tutors, or, as he terms them, priests and quasi-priests. At what hours? Usually between ten o'clock and two. In what form do the ingenuous youth drink in the sacred lore? In the various forms of books, such as Paley, Tomline, Burnet, and Pearson—in classes on the Greek Testament, previous to their receiving the holy elements—in collections, an examination at the end of Term—in attending the schools—



in furnishing themselves with some knowledge, by whatever methods, of Theology. If these replies argue flippancy, my apology must be, that I have read the article in the Review with attention, and am, like my species, prone to imitation.

“ Will it be said, that attendance at chapel daily effects the extrusion of the old man? hearer half asleep, just risen from the bed he is just going to re-occupy, and the reader in such haste, that he has been known repeatedly to boast of being able to give any man dissentance as far as the Creed, and beat him.”

It is not asserted that attendance at chapel daily, or at the church weekly, effects the extrusion of the old man. As a means of regular habit and religious discipline, it forms an integral portion of that system which, if it has no other merit, has at least the merit of instructing students not, as in the instance here given, to burlesque the language of scripture, and ridicule the ordinances of religion. It is unfortunate for the truth of a caricature, which is worthy of Hogarth, that there is service performed morning and evening, and that attendance at chapel twice a day is not exacted. It requires no greater knowledge of the world than what the hermit had, who “ yet by books alone” had acquaintance with the world,

to be assured that old maids are not the sole inheritors of scandal, and that the *on dits* of an University are very fallible tests for a reasoner, often invented in wantonness and repeated in idle jest. Even if the story be true—and many a story as good would be grievously perplexed, if referred to chapter and verse—what does it prove more than that one chaplain out of some hundred was disposed to be jocose at the expense of decorum, to be rather witty than wise? This clerical galloper, though the precise words of his boast are quoted—“I will give any man distance as far as Pontius Pilate, and beat him,” could never accomplish the distance of concluding prayers in five minutes, the time to which the Reviewer restricts them.

The opening of the next slashing sentence crowns the pediment, as it were, on this building of inaccurate assertions—“If there be any religion taught at the University, *which there is not.*” I will venture to apply to this remark, in conclusion, the motto to a recent pamphlet, which, as it is used by a learned divine, and is in a classical language, and is the quotation of a quotation, I trust that the Ghost of Chesterfield, will forgive “*Mentiris impudentissime.*”

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SINCE the preceding remarks were written, several new attacks on the Universities have appeared in minor periodicals, dictated by the same illiberal spirit, false in fact, and fallacious in argument, whose writers seem to remember the prudent counsel of Quintilian, *convitiis implere vacua causarum*, and belong to the barking school of eloquence: *est enim hæc prorsus canina eloquentia*. The passages form an excellent corollary to several former observations, but are too liberal in general invective to demand other than cursory criticism.

\*STRAIN 1.—“ The last paper in the Edinburgh Review discovers infinitely more knowledge of the interior of an English University than is displayed in all the preceding volumes of the Journal together.”

This compliment, be it remembered, on accuracy of research, and depth of investigation, is applied to a paper, which avers, that no useful controul is exercised, and no religion taught at either University. If such a paper contain choice specimens of their present know-

\* These Strains are taken from the London Magazine for Nov. 1825, and Feb. 1826; from the Monthly Magazine for Feb. 1826, and from Janus, a Literary Almanack, for 1826.

ledge, how deplorable must have been the former ignorance, if this glimmering be their light, how truly Cimmerian the preceding darkness.

STRAIN 2.—“ The question of University education  
“ may now be considered as fairly before the public, at  
“ whose bar every competent witness is bound to deliver  
“ evidence. Many complaints, public and private, have  
“ ensued, and these symptoms of a disposition to scru-  
“ tinize the system in question, have, as was to be ex-  
“ pected, drawn the enemies of human improvement  
“ into the field. They are the slaves of custom, preju-  
“ dice, interest, or ignorance.”

These sentiments are expressed after the laudable methods, and courteous fashion of the bar: every witness is bound to speak the truth, but must expect to be pelted by “arrowy sleet of iron shower,” should his faithful testimony prejudice the cause, or displease the counsel of the opposite party. Can none advocate ancient institutions without being actuated by sordid motives? Can none indulge in novel speculations from other than patriot feelings? Such unmeasured invectives prove nothing more, than that the advocate is a good hater, and are too universal to be true. They are mere servile imita-



tions of Lord Bolingbroke's style of arguing, who asserts, that "folly and knavery prevail most amongst the clergy, "who are the plagues and scourges of the world, and "that, of the unlearned profession of the law, ninety- "nine in a hundred are petty-foggers, sharpers, brawl- "ers, and cavillers."

STRAIN 3.—"A thousand times in the day do I feel "tempted to curse Cambridge, and all its useless and "foolish studies: studies which have misled my youth, "injured my health, robbed me of my money, and de- "stroyed my precious time. In society, in conversation, "it matters not what society, what conversation, I must "sit silent, having but just now discovered that men do "not converse about equations, or curves, and that the "human soul is assuredly not a triangle."

Though this blow is aimed at Cambridge exclusively, the English Universities must make one common cause, even if they hope for a perpetuity of rivalry. Did it require the wisdom of grey hairs to learn that mathematics were not intended to form the hero of the drawing-room? Was it ever pretended that they would furnish chit-chat for the dinner-table, or raise the roar of merriment, or provide literary gossip? But, the first



authorities assert the fact, that mathematics are a high and important branch of study; that they are a science closely concerned in the investigation of abstract truth, requiring intensity of attention, accuracy of research, acuteness of application, and severity of judgment; that they are intimately connected with the most useful arts, and with the sublimest speculations; with those inventions which give man power over the world in which he is placed, and with those discoveries which elevate him to the knowledge and contemplation of the worlds beyond and around him. Whether they are not too exclusively pursued, whether they may, in any case, be attended with deleterious consequences, is, however, an extraneous enquiry. These complaints “of being robbed “of his money and time,” are urged by one who describes himself a Senior Wrangler and Fellow of St. John’s; and what commiseration for his imagined wrongs shall any, the least conversant in compound interest, express? He has expended at the University, we may suppose, £1000. and has secured in return a liberal competency, upon no burdensome conditions, tenable for life. Let him consider, whether there is not some radical defect as great in the constitution of his own mind, as in that of his “*alma mater*,” and whether the ample capabilities

with which she furnished him, ought not, on selfish principles, to have ensured his gratitude. Let him, when murmuring that he has lost his precious time, remember the dictum of Shakspeare, and be silent: "He that would have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding." The cant of this complaint is not more glaring than the bad taste of the following—

STRAIN 4.—"The exciseman, the justice, and the parson, sympathize with one another, and the head of a college owns a community of feeling with the head of a workhouse."

So, King George, according to some witling, may be said to have an "*esprit de corps*" with Mr. Higgins, the governor of Lancaster gaol, but what a sorry joke is this classing them together. It must be acknowledged, that the heads of colleges are deeply indebted to the condescending kindness of the critic; notwithstanding the outcry vociferated against inefficient studies, notwithstanding the dearth of scholars, who are, we hear, "things to be stared at," he yet is sufficiently generous to confess, that their respective societies at Oxford can read the New Testament, and are tolerable Theologians; so, at

least, the bishops or their chaplains say. “Marry, Sir, you are over-gracious.”

STRAIN 5.—“The London University has no tendency  
“to break up the exclusions of our venerable Universities  
“—it enters even into no sort of competition with them—  
“it will produce scholars equally accomplished—it will  
“produce them in greater numbers, and will assuredly  
“promote more effectively the love of learning itself!  
“but it proposes to sap none of the foundations of their  
“magnificence; it is grasping at none of their privileges,  
“nor will it labour to seduce any of their admirers.”

This promise of the London University producing scholars equally accomplished, and in greater numbers, partakes of that Utopian character for which the last year has been so notorious; and the whole scheme may be classed with that of raising up treasure from the bottom of the sea, and of improving the breed of silk-worms. That several Reviews and Magazines should unite in lauding the new University, so likely to promote their peculiar tenets, is not surprizing. There is a custom amongst the natives of Madagascar, to ask fairly out for mutual benefits: “You my friend, I your friend:

you salamanca me, I salamanca you." Their conduct as advocates in uniting to inveigh against old academical institutions, with whose peculiar constitution they do not display an intimate acquaintance, is assuredly not the most politic: it heightens the fears of those who dread that the new college will prove a curse rather than a blessing; it confirms the wavering in dislike, and the prejudiced in opposition. "Call you this backing your friends?"

There are still to be found amongst the gentry of the land, a vast majority who will prefer drinking from the "pure wells of learning undefiled," to "hewing out for themselves broken cisterns;" many *dishonest* enough to drink the old wine, (if I may venture to apply the scriptural allusion) in preference to the new, saying "the old is better." The newspapers announce that Leeds is ambitious of emulating London, and of adorning her streets with a civic University. To Manchester or Plymouth, the depôt of cotton or naval stores, the same institutions may with peculiar propriety be extended. But whether this extension of academical benefits be, or be not vouchsafed, the promise that they will grasp none of Oxford or Cambridge privileges, is rather ludicrous than modest. As was said of the difference between Homer



and Virgil, there is at least a thousand years between them; and before they boast a discreet exercise of power, they should have some power to exercise.

STRAIN 6.—“ Education is not the purpose of the old  
“ Universities, and certainly instruction cannot be said  
“ to be the business of them. If you have no particular  
“ ardour for study, it will not be forced upon you; no-  
“ body will seduce you into it, and scarcely will any thing  
“ remind you of it. Though you never glance at a book,  
“ you are not out of your place; you pay your fees, and  
“ you are welcome.”

This welcome is of that ambiguous description, with which a stranger unintroducted is received into a drawing-room, and, on detection, is requested to withdraw. The hapless youth who never glances at a book will not only run the gauntlet of fines, impositions, crosses at the but-tery, summonings before the dean and principal, collections, (and the youth must have lost the sense of shame, the power of blushing, who can submit to such degradation without a repentant struggle,) but, when forced at last into the schools, will certainly find that his Testamur is refused him, *sub silentio*, indeed—but it is a silence which must move the heart of the most dead to feeling, a degradation which must harass the mind of

all not totally depraved, as severely as bankruptcy, when accelerated by his own imprudence, must goad the merchant, if he be not lost to integrity of principle, a stranger to upright feeling. The adverb scarcely, though it may be justly reputed a peace-offering, will not rescue the declaration, that "scarcely will any thing remind you of study," from entire variance with fact. Every thing within the precincts of Oxford must remind the most dissipated of study: at every wine-party remembrance of the schools is introduced, if not directly, by implication; the most ardent lover of a steeple-chase, who carries no *vademecum* but the sporting Magazine, cannot banish recollections of the schools, if he enterprise a degree; they cling to him even in the field, "*post equitem sedet atra cura.*" Education is no less completely the purpose of the University, than money is the end of merchandise, and instruction as much their business, as traffic the occupation of the exchange; a few stragglers may be found in both places, vacant of employ, and seeking only for amusement, but their numbers are too inconsiderable to be regarded; they are "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" Assertions general as these must be met by assertions, for surely the "*onus probandi,*" the force of casuistical reasoning, the minuteness of detail should rest on him, who

challenges the credit of institutions, in which the majority of his contemporaries confide. These assertions only prove the remark of a learned modern. "We have no hesitation in confessing, that we do not believe it is at all an easy matter for any man, no matter of what talents, to understand and appreciate thoroughly and fairly the character of a seminary, differing widely from the character of that which educated himself."

STRAIN 7.—"A convenient Pandemonium for idle  
"and profligate opulence."

"If the Universities did not exercise exclusive privileges, undoubtedly they would have a right to do as  
"they please, yes, even to the making their once learned  
"groves bear-gardens, and their noble halls as many  
"hells."

This is to rail, not to argue. The warm imagination of the penman may however be commended for a flight so lofty beyond the limits of sense; Oxford differing as widely from the Pandemonium of the poet as *Paradise Lost* from *Tom Thumb*. The learned sisters will not feel grateful for this part-permission to convert their once learned groves into bear-gardens, as there never was less wish to embrace an offer of this nature. Perchance not

even the omnipotence of a Reviewer will give the right of doing that which is forbidden by statute law. Undoubtedly they would *not* have a right to do as they please, if they did not exercise exclusive privileges.

STRAIN 8.—“ The same books are read, till they are  
“ read no where else; changes in the course of study  
“ are never made, till very shame forces them. Books  
“ which are beginning every where else to be abandoned  
“ by intelligent people, are the very books which are there  
“ beginning to be introduced. They are steadily half a  
“ century in the rear of the foremost spirits of the age.”

In the present rage for ephemeral productions, the works of such antiquated authors as Homer and Demosthenes, Tully and Lucretius, may be read in no other societies; but is that a convincing reason for their not being read in these classical shades? Are these sound seminaries of religious and useful learning to change their constitution with each spring fashion, and adopt new readings on new and improved principles? Changes are not made from a sense of shame, but from a decided conviction of utility, and made by men who do not succumb to the caprices of captious humour, or to any passion for novelty, but who are impressed with the importance of the



task, and, when they alter, reform. I am not aware what books of yesterday are beginning to be introduced in the studies of my own peculiar University, much less, what books beginning every where else to be abandoned by intelligent people. This is very certain, that Reid is not beginning to be introduced instead of Locke, that Chalmers is not lectured upon instead of Paley, nor Jeremy Bentham in the room of Blackstone. The thorough esteem, and profound veneration which so many scholars feel for the system of tuition, and tutors of Oxford, would be considerably shaken, were they not to remain steadily half a century in the rear of daring theorists and capricious innovators, whether they be or be not the foremost spirits of the age:—"credat Judæus." "Their influence" (I quote from Janus) "keeps up a certain purity of taste, in the midst of a literature exposed, on all sides but one, to innumerable hazards of corruption. It presents a grave and graceful counterpoise to the danger of licentious innovations, inseparable from the literature of a nation so much engaged in foreign commerce, as ours has long been,—and, above all, of a nation, in which, from the nature of their political institutions and habits, the reading public at large are so much exposed to have their taste debased by the ephemeral and

“ never ceasing lucubrations of persons, whose principal  
“ object it always must be to flatter the multitude, and  
“ who, of course, accommodating without any great effort  
“ themselves, try also to bring down every thing, over  
“ which they have any controul, to a low standard.”

STRAIN 9, and last, “ out-herods Herod.”—“ The miserable declension of these elder-seats of learning turned  
“ us from our main object, the London University.”

A proposition this, which must dispute with many the evidence of their senses, and invalidates all testimony. About the middle of the last century, Gibbon, a self-exiled, but not a penitent son of Alma Mater, confessed in her praise, (though prejudice seasoned his panegyric as “ verjuice would plum-cake,”) that the new improvements so eagerly grasped at by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in these proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. He asserts, that he passed nearly two years at Magdalen College without a single lecture, either public or private, either christian or protestant,—a circumstance which could not, by any possibility, occur now at a single hall,—and that the greatest part of the public Professors have, for

these many years, given up altogether even the pretence of teaching. The very reverse of this fact may be asserted now, when many able professorships have been added, and the student, who delights in oral instruction, may pass the entire morning in a large variety of subjects, and hive in rich stores of information, whether in Hebrew, or Poetry, or Geology, or Anatomy, or Newton, or Fluxions, or Modern History, or Law, or—a long range of *et ceteras*.

At the close of the last century, Knox, to whom belonged the “*ferrea vox*,” poured forth invectives loud and deep against the doing generals and doing jurements, when every candidate for a Bachelor’s Degree was obliged to be examined in the whole circle of the sciences by three masters of his own choice, and when the greatest dunce usually got his testimonium signed with as much ease and credit as the finest genius. The studies raise no emulation, they confer no honour, they promote no improvement, they give a great deal of trouble, they waste much time, and they render the University contemptible to its own members. There was doubtless great exaggeration in this complaint at the time, but now the very reverse of this statement may be asserted. “Now to take a degree without endeavouring

“to obtain some distinction in the process of taking it,  
 “is never thought of by young men, who, along with  
 “perfect health, have any spark of ambition in their  
 “minds, or any claim whatever to the possession of ta-  
 “lents beyond mere mediocrity.” It may be said now,

“Cuncti adsunt, meritæque expectant præmia palmæ.”

The studies fire young men with excess of emulation :  
 every youth to whom belongs that generous feeling,

“Et aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum  
 “Mens agital mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est,”

presses on for the prize with eager avidity, and the state-  
 ment would not be overrated, were I to say, that in the  
 very last examination, every third man was an aspirant  
 for some honourable distinction. There are too many  
 intellectual gladiators who step into the arena without  
 the preparatory toil. Will it be said, that the examina-  
 tions now confer no honour? The Class List, though  
 printed, as has been invidiously stated, on tea-paper, is  
 looked for with intense anxiety in the University, and  
 beyond its precincts regarded as a fair criterion of the  
 candidate's diligence and talents. Will it be said, that  
 they promote no improvement? To say so, would be an  
 insult to reason. At the commencement of the present



century, Cowper, in moving terms, deplored the want of discipline, and told of times when

“ Discipline at length,  
“ O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
“ Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,  
“ And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene  
“ Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,  
“ His cap well lined with logic not his own,  
“ With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,  
“ Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.  
“ Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny  
“ Became stone blind; Precedence went in truck,  
“ And he was competent whose purse was so.”

A just protest may be entered against the partial allegations of one, who had never trod the cloisters of a college, and whose morbid melancholy disposed him to inspect all objects, as through a coloured glass. Can this charge of defective discipline be applied with the shadow of a shade of reason, when the noblest born cannot offend against college rules with licence? and Cowper's further description of discipline may be quoted as pertinent:

“ He would stroke  
“ The head of modest and ingenuous worth,  
“ That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth  
“ Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew  
“ Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;  
“ The mind was well inform'd, the passions held  
“ Subordinate, and diligence was choice.”

Every recent publication, which discusses the Universities, mentions the triumphant success with which they have introduced signal reforms, and the writer, who idly or ignorantly talks of their "miserable declension," should be prepared, for the sake of consistency, to aver that the English have of late years greatly degenerated from their ancient military renown ; that the lower classes are more depraved, and more averse to knowledge ; nay, that the seasons have shared in the common degeneracy, that the summers are less benign, and the winters more cruelly severe.

The hints concerning the Universities, which have appeared in "Janus," are too candid and amicable for even errors to be noticed with severity ; but it may be whispered in kindness, that some paragraphs are faulty *de facto et de jure*. "At the period of the Reformation, no idea seems to have been entertained but that the primary purpose of every English establishment of the kind must be the service of the church, through the education of the priesthood,—an idea which we cannot pretend to characterise as *originally* absurd." This is a fault *de jure*, an error in taste. "The English Universities do not educate the English clergy ; there are many districts in Wales, (no English district, by the

“way,) Westmoreland, and such poor provinces, where  
“one meets with but few parish priests who have ever  
“been at one.”

“The apparatus of Professorships has fallen into a  
“state of nearly total in exertion.”

These are faults *de facto*.

The book “Janus” proceeds to discuss Dr. Parr’s idea of extending the period of residence to seven years, and without pausing to discuss its merits, I cannot forbear to repeat the sentiments of the first scholar which England could boast, on those Universities, which so many effusions of ignorance or flippancy have endeavoured to malign.

“This, I am aware, is not precisely the fittest opportunity for me to enter into a formal defence of our English Universities, or to expatiate upon their peculiar and indisputable advantages—upon those powerful correctives of singularity and frowardness, which are found in the attrition of mind against mind, on a spot where different classes live together under a system of general discipline—upon the force of established rules in producing early habits of regularity and decorum—upon the strong, though easy yoke that is thrown over the impetuosity of

youth—upon the salutary influence among well-informed and well-disposed young men, of that *ὁμηλικία* which is so beautifully described, and so frequently extolled by the writers of antiquity—upon the propensity of the heart unassailed by care, and untainted by selfishness, to form the best friendships from the best motives—upon the generous sense of shame that must prevail among enlightened equals observing the conduct of equals, and cultivating honour, not as a showy and artificial fashion, but as a natural sentiment, and even as an indispensable duty—upon the goodly effects that are wrought on the temper, as well as taste, by the daily and hourly view of edifices, agreeable from convenience, or striking from magnificence, or venerable from antiquity—upon the desire which pictures, statues, inscriptions, public harangues, and other local circumstances, may excite in men of vivid conceptions, and glowing ambition, not merely to admire, but to perpetuate, and to share in the celebrity of places adorned through many successive ages, by many bright luminaries of the school, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate—upon the tendency of well-regulated amusements and well-directed studies, to plant within our bosoms those attachments to the seat of our education, which may afterwards expand into the love of



our country—upon the facility of access to well-stored libraries—upon the efficacy of oral instruction, judiciously and diligently communicated—upon the competitions that will arise among numbers, whose judgments on the qualifications of each other are too frequent to be eluded, too impartial to be resisted, and too weighty to be slighted—upon the institution of prizes for compositions to be recited in the Halls of Colleges, or the Theatres of the Universities—upon the distribution of literary distinctions in seasons of general examination—or, upon the connection of other academical rewards, lucrative or honorary, with moral and intellectual excellence. Waving, therefore, all such pertinent and interesting topics, I would only request that the usefulness of these seminaries, like that of every human institution, may be judged by their fruits.”

More than one decade of years has expired since this animated eulogium was written, and the liberal friend of these ancient establishments, facetiously yclept, by modern theorists, the friend of darkness, and the enemy of human improvement, will predict with confidence, when he regards their exact discipline and able system of instruction, that tens of decades shall expire without falsifying in one iota this concluding declaration.

“ As to the merits of men ingenious, learned, eminently great, or exemplarily good, who in past ages have gone forth from these retreats into the bosom of society, ‘ *pleni sunt omnes libri, plena exemplorum vetustas.*’ But even in later times, the torpor of old age has not crept upon them—the sorceries of indolence have not enfeebled them—the poison of luxury has not corrupted them—the foul mists of barbarism have not gathered over them—the dim and baleful light of superstition has not glimmered around them—the portentous meteors of infidelity have not glared upon them—the merciless tempest of desolation has not yet swept them away.”



THE

THE  
PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART I.



## ARGUMENT OF PART I.

Call of Oxford on her sons for eulogy—Impressions which a visit to the city is calculated to raise in the illiterate, the lover of science, an aged member, and a youthful enthusiast—Graphical description—Calculated to exalt and soften the mind more than foreign capitol, or crowded European mart—Contrasted with Athens—The spells of intellect fling a charm over each spot—Her groves and gardens how fitted for sublime musings—Address to the river Isis; its course described; assimilated to the student's career—Contemplations on visiting the Bodleian—St. Mary's—New College Chapel—Painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Magnificence justified—Invocation to the munificent founders—Sketches from the Annals of the University—Early importance—Kings educated here—Studies debased by bigotry; exemplified in the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer—Visit of Queen Elizabeth—Civil war between Charles and his parliament—Foundation of the Royal Society—Refusal of Magdalen Fellows to submit to exactions of James II.—Subsequent peace—Prophecy of continued prosperity and greatness.

THE  
PÆAN OF OXFORD.

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PART I.

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SNATCH from the willows, bards, your silent lyres,  
Fill golden censers with supernal fires,  
Prophets of Isis ! Oxford claims your strain,  
To wreath with incense learning's holy fane !  
Springs there none forth her glories to rehearse,  
Chaunt the bright hymn, and pour the glowing verse ?  
As Delphic priest, impassion'd with his theme,  
The plectrum glittering in its patron beam ;  
Shall piles of grandeur, groves of beauty stir  
No rapturous burst from grateful worshipper ? 10  
No lambent flame evok'd from circling wand ?  
No votive chaplet wove by filial hand ?

Forbid the shame, ye centuries of song !  
Cells of the Druid ! ye denounce the wrong !—  
A thousand years have hurtled on their way  
Thrones, cities, realms, as ocean drifts the spray,  
Since first thy turrets gemm'd the meadowy sheen,  
With awe endiadem'd, as ancient queen,  
Proud Rhedycina ! memory, fancy, mind  
Within thy stately colleges enshrin'd, 20  
Yet fairer fashioning the peerless fair,  
While art bequeaths a double virtue there ;  
Associations, whose imperious tye  
Ensnarcs the giant, but eludes the eye ;  
And that dim classic presence, which pervades  
With mystic murmur intellectual glades ;  
Which 'mid the shadowy cloister seems to stray,  
Catching the music Cherwell plains away ;  
All bind beholder with an awe-like fear,  
And all impose the homage of a tear, 30  
Winning from each allegiance unrepst,  
With the chaste charms of philosophic rest.

The veriest stranger nature ever rued,  
Who breathes, and moves in mental solitude,  
The chambers of whose spirit, dark, and bare,  
No wit illumines, and few fancies share,

With arching brow, dilating eye, delays  
'Mid Gothic shades, and fronts of elder days,  
And wonders whence the charm, the secret zone,  
Which girds these portals of a world unknown. 40  
My son, he cries, with avarice of renown,  
Shall merit classes, and adorn the gown!

The child of science, who has watch'd afar  
Thy course distinct, and steadfast as a star,  
Regards thy soil, like that which hail'd his birth,  
And treads, with reverence, as on holy earth;  
There Truth has lectur'd, and bright Genius prest  
The robe of inspiration to his breast;  
There have the wise and noble studied—there  
Philosophy has purified the air. 50

Sooner shall harp forget its answering moan  
To minstrel winds, or grot its whisper'd tone,  
Than his proud heart, to learning's bower untrue,  
Swell not more proudly from the eager view  
Of art's distinguish'd specimens—of seat  
For studious race peculiar, and complete:  
He lingers oft where musing Locke delayed,  
Retracks the path where Addison has strayed,



With ancient sages peoples ample halls,  
Counts well-known features on the pictur'd walls, 60  
Portraits which fade not in the dusky frame,  
Statues unbroken in the porch of fame.

The letter'd sire, with more than senile glee,  
In fond narration glows with lauding thee.  
His miser memory loves to tell the store  
Of college daring, feats achiev'd of yore,  
When merrier gallant lanc'd no jennet's side,  
Or paced the High-street with more dainty pride,  
Or stouter rower smote the winding shore  
With rougher music from the dashing oar: 70  
Who with more daring brav'd the Proctor's frown?  
With keener relish caught the watch-word, 'Gown?'  
Or with more vigour thunder'd choral glee,  
When hearts and voices swell'd in harmony?  
O! could there strike anew the long-told hours,  
Could he as Æson gird on youthful powers,  
Again all-blushing he would press the fee,  
And careless kneel to dignified degree.  
Yet numb the touch of age, he views unmov'd  
Fabrics whose silence speaks of friends he lov'd; 80  
Unmov'd he hears the vesper call to prayer,  
As tho' swift time had closed his pinion there;

Traces the sunbeam on the mouldering pile,  
In the same spot it lit his early smile ;  
And pauses o'er the care-pav'd ground sedate,  
Which once appear'd decisive of his fate :  
The darkling square with art's distinctions crown'd,  
Where the schools lower—a melancholy bound :—  
Each changeful feeling has inbreath'd that square,  
Plaining anxiety, and mute despair, 90  
The rush of glee, which testifies the boy,  
The bounding triumph, and the shout of joy,  
And that still sympathy, which wrings the hand  
Averted, neither garrulous, nor bland.

Oxford, for thee, with yearnings of desire,  
The stripling longs, and fans Ambition's fire,  
When the new beatings of the pulse begin,  
Unchill'd by sorrow, fever'd not by sin ;  
Ere Hope's light plume is ting'd with earthly soil,  
And Youth, the bridegroom, laughs on manhood's toil ;  
For thee he pants, as courser for the goal, 101  
Thou centre of attraction to the soul !  
Arene for men, for Learning's archery scope ;—  
Bask, Fancy's fondling, bask in sunny hope !  
Be thine the long, loud plaudit, venturous boy,  
And may no wormwood drug thy cup of joy ;

E'en tho' stern Fortune check-mate thy sure game,  
And pale Mischance pervert thy steadfast aim;  
Tho' thine the lot to urge a gainless suit,  
To rear the stem, but gather not the fruit, 110  
Yet shall rich studies bless thee, and adorn,  
As dews which wet the vernal steps of morn;  
True friends shall greet thee, such as infants choose,  
Who from the cradle interchange their views;  
Thy days shall know, (ah! blest the sage who knows,)  
The calm of action, stirrings of repose,  
Ere calends feather'd with reflections steal  
From mirth its dimple, and its power to feel  
From wither'd Care, gay Wit shall sun the hours,  
Nor dream of serpents in Elysian bowers; 120  
Fearless Ambition shall replume her wing,  
And measure stadia at a single spring;  
While Pleasure wreathing an ambrosial crown,  
Shall drop from cygnet cushion softest down.  
Bright streams the morn, the long-remember'd morn  
Which sees the young aspirant quit with scorn  
His humble hamlet, querulous to roam,  
And gilds the spires of Learning's central home.  
Can language sound the depth of his delight,  
As sinks the city on his aching sight? 130

No orient gems her mural crown enchase,  
No pearls ennoble her retiring grace;  
Not robed with novel tire, as youthful bride  
Conscious of charms, and arching into pride,  
But, like an ancient, feeling all her state,  
With calm pontific majesty sedate.  
How bounds his step along her "sacred way,"  
Triumphal, whose magnificent array  
Of sinuous beauty, and superb repose,  
Knows no superior, scarce a rival knows : 140  
Where toils successful Cynthia's cestus blend,  
And new perspectives grace each skilful bend;  
Perspective wont in fairy land to lie,  
And bless with transient glimpse the painter's eye,  
Which Fear, in all its boyishness, pourtrayed  
An ebon outline of appalling shade;  
What spells arrest, and fascinate the sight,  
Blending Corinthian grace with Doric might;  
Each footstep ushers in a gorgeous scene,  
Art's choicest raptures belt by gushing green, 150  
With skill which seems too natural for Art,  
"In this," she cries, "my cunning had no part,"  
But proudly points, as model of her power,  
To where reposes Wolsey's stately tower;



The saint, the scholar hates his cassock'd pride,  
Yet half absolves him, and forgets to chide,  
On viewing what bright pinnacles he rears,  
Tribute of splendid coffers, circling years,  
So smooth the chisel-stroke, so true the line,  
That full perfection crests the fair design ; 160  
Onward he views with foreign grace displayed  
The watery cupola, and gay façade ;  
Light parapet, and sculpture's airy forms,  
Tho' dimm'd by time, and crumbling to the storms.  
There with stern grace which Grecians might admire,  
Lo ! Gothic record of its sceptr'd sire,  
Built as for ages, not the fleeting hour,  
Which centuries threat in impotence of power ;  
Whose shadows o'er the vassal street impend,  
Like the protecting presence of a friend, 170  
Whom years have scarr'd with honour. Gaily plann'd,  
And aptly fashion'd by the plastic hand,  
Corinthian structure curiously wrought,  
Attests that Aldrich practis'd as he taught,  
Versant with strength, and symmetry, and grace,  
Shafts of acanthus, and the Ionic base.  
There Mary's fane shoots up with shapely spire,  
Which Mithra covers with adorning fire ;

There slowly modell'd to a perfect round,  
Rises the Radcliffe's tutelary mound, 180  
Type of that temple, whose imperial dome,  
With branching glory, covers papal Rome ;  
Its haughty shadow far restricts the ray,  
And, as Palladium, student owns its sway.

Curious of knowledge, he may wander far  
To the bright confines of the morning star,  
Where nature blushes her primæval glow,  
And summer suns undying lustre throw,  
And cities dazzle, like their purple skies,  
Terrace on terrace pav'd with emerald dyes, 190  
Whose massive portals fling with haughty pride  
A welcome to the world, its strength defied :  
And whose huge battlements look darkly down  
As frowning keepers on the fairy town ;  
Where banners proudly flap with crimson fold,  
And camels crouch beneath the cloth of gold,  
And dyed Moresque-work tells of midnight moons,  
And winning minstrelsy, and vine-festoons ;  
Tho' cypress rustles round the grey Kiosque,  
And starry splendours gild the gorgeous Mosque ; 200  
Tho' porphyry fountains gush with sparkling stream,  
And gay pavilions woo the noon-day beam ;

And purple fig-trees fling a spicy shade,  
O'er marble cirque, and stately colonnade,  
And gales are odorous from the leaves they stir,  
Laden with frankincense, and rich with myrrh ;  
Tho' art, and luxury, steep the rarest balm,  
Bosom'd in citron gardens, groves of palm,  
And laughs acacia with its saffron zone,  
And minarets whiten beds of anemone ; 210  
Yet will they fail to wind around his heart  
Deep feelings of devotion, such as start  
To mild unconscious being, and entrance  
With the calm grandeur of that full, first glance  
On the chaste Muses' old, and loved retreat,  
The joy of autumn, evening's dewy seat ;  
So hush'd its cycle, the world's cities seem  
The restless visions of a feverish dream,  
And while their structures toss in stormy wake,  
Its spires might seem reflected in a lake. 220  
Let traffic lead to European mart,  
Whose place was vacant, save in modern chart ;  
Sumptuous the squares, magnificent the bay,  
Rich its piazzas, and its crescents gay ;  
The river shows its waters, as in stealth,  
Hid by the streamer's tributary wealth ;

Merchants, like princes, in its forum meet,  
And wealth laughs loudly from the teeming street,  
Where mansions glitter, rich as Roman pride  
Had e'er conceived, or Roman stores supplied ; 230  
While population pours a mottled tide,  
Thro' the mask'd forms of misery and pride,  
And vanity buffoons in borrow'd dress,  
And want plays harlequin with wretchedness ;  
A care-contracting, avarice-goaded race,  
As chariots hurtling through the tortuous chase,  
Who run the golden course their sons shall run,  
Or spin the silken web their mother's spun ;  
Wealth their one idol, wealth their charter'd good,  
The world their mart, their revenues the flood ; 240  
Ample their seat, as planet in its sphere,  
Fraught with all charms to satiate eye, or ear,  
For which the east her sparkling treasure spreads,  
And the pearl mountains lift their glowing heads,  
And Ophir sorrows for its rifled caves,  
And Delhi mourns the ransack'd coral graves ;  
Yet there fond fancies find no place to rest  
The weary wing, no memories thrill the breast  
With classic unions—desecrate, unchaste  
The toiling people, and the town a waste. 250



Hence, learning's votary, mount the daring bark,  
Launch for the Ægean, the Saronic,—mark  
The Parthenon, Acropolis of graves,  
As land-mark rising over desert waves!  
And, if thy bosom own no kindred throes,  
Thine eye ungemm'd, thy feelings at repose,  
Raze the chill altars, vain oblations cease,  
Nor lift a censer to the gods of Greece!  
See! olives rustle on the purple hill,  
Babbles Ilissus with its scanty rill; 260  
See marbles fritter'd with the warrior's heel,  
Where beings, born to suffer, learn to feel;  
With dim religion, there Eleusis sues  
The pensive pilgrim; there the porch renews  
Its living studies, and Mars' hill recalls  
The hoary senate, whose protecting walls  
Were the high heavens, who, at noon of night,  
When interest blinds not, sway'd the mace of right;  
With narrow harbour, solitary, sad  
Lies the Piræus, which exultant bade 270  
Its conquering triremes sweep th' Ægean seas,  
And look'd for tribute from each full-fraught breeze;  
The Ceramicus, black with cypress trees,  
Whence from proud Bema fulmin'd Pericles,

And blew the trump of fame so shrill and high,  
They lov'd the chronicler, nor fear'd to die.  
'Mid the wide cirque the pine-tree rears his crest,  
And the shy bittern hangs her hollow nest :  
Erect anew the groves of Academe,  
Seek the Lycæum sunn'd with Plato's dream, 280  
And wake Colonos from its mute repose,—  
Chirps the cicada, the narcissus blows.  
Her pomp has pour'd its Pæan to the gale,  
Ages have echo'd with the trophied tale,  
And Time, succeeding to the victor's march,  
With cypress twines each cenotaph and arch.  
Yet, parted all of power which can depart,  
With silent sceptre, Mem'ry moves the heart,  
Still Fancy clasps her with celestial zone,  
And Art, enamour'd, claims as all her own. 290

Athens of Albion ! Cynosure of lands,  
Where Clio's choir unite in silken bands !  
Such, save that sorrow flings no sombre shroud,  
Such emanations, bright as lambent cloud,  
Float over Isis, every fane bedew,  
Vest the green meadows with yet brighter hue ;

And, when the morning pours its liquid balm  
On Nature's beauty, and dissolves in calm  
The lightest stir each falling leaf has made,  
Hang in the garden's woof of ancient shade. 300  
These were the groves whence Inspiration smil'd  
On wayward Collins, Fancy's rose-wreath'd child;  
There Hafiz answered to his tuneful call,  
And lull'd to sleep by Persian waterfall.  
On that smooth turf, in converse grave and sweet,  
'Twas made for gentle fall of studious feet,  
The bard of Cato roved, and seems to rove,  
Shrin'd in the student's consecrate alcove;  
Breath'd on society a soothing charm,  
And grappled freedom with a Roman arm; 310  
The leaves yet rustle of the truths he spoke,  
Still points the swain where hung his favourite oak,  
Firm as some relic of Dodona's grove,  
With votive tablets dedicate to Jove.  
'Mid the still shrubs, whose tangled screen invites  
To muse on stores of meditative nights,  
'Mid walks, where noble memories are graved  
On ash, or Christ-Church elm, whose branches waved  
O'er sires of far degree, perchance shall wave  
When we have perish'd, even from the grave,— 320

Gay Epicurus might have rear'd his bowers,  
And, thickly sowing Pleasure's dædal flowers,  
Have idly quaff'd a philosophic dream  
Of still beatitude beside the stream,  
Which, loved by scholars, Isis pours along,  
As Anio dear, or Mincius, to song.

Isis! thy ripple, like a maiden's smile,  
Drops pure and placid, innocent of guile;  
Still Warton's spirit haunts thy dreamy cell,  
Scattering fond music from his coral shell; 330  
So smooth thy waters murmur, Naiads there  
Might paint their beads, and wreath their shining hair,  
And peasants haste with nuptial rites to lave  
Their simple chaplets in the laughing wave;  
The forest's shadow slumbers at thy side,  
Life's humming falters from thy surgeless tide:  
We trace thee serpentine thro' Henley's vale,  
Closing thy bosom from the rugged gale,  
By Windsor's tower, in martial show complete,  
By Eton's princely, prince-ennobling seat, 340  
Thro' fields where Walton angled, to the Muse  
Voiceful of honest lay, thy stream pursues  
Its deep blue course, till, lash'd to billowy flood,  
Forsaken secret villa, sheltering wood,



As ardent steed, from rein and rider freed,  
She bursts in triumph thro' the level mead,  
And, coursing swiftly with expansive height,  
Bears the full tribute of a Nation's might  
To vast emporium; redolent of health,  
Free gales waft o'er her, streamers fraught with wealth  
Toss in her foaming surge, as Winter raves, 351  
And Ocean meets her with a host of waves.

So gently flows the student's course serene,  
Chaf'd by few storms, or turbid, or terrene,  
Twining thro' velvet lawns, with sun-beams fair,  
Paying slight tribute to the despot Care;  
So proudly sweeps his turbulent career,  
Fraught with the labours of a boundless sphere,  
When the world's billow lifts his eddying crest,  
And dash its surges fiercely round his breast: 360  
Sweet was the prime initiate repose,  
Majestic, manhood with its stormy woes.  
Yet cease, fond youth, impatient of control,  
To long for change, as prisoner on parole,  
Even as the hero of Amhara's tale  
Inhal'd with sighs the perfumes of the vale,  
But vex'd by life's meanders, and the sands,  
Whose burning flakes entomb its pilgrim bands,

Sought, as on pigeon's wing, his ancient seat,  
Nor irksome found its calm, tho' there no billows beat.  
Soon shall the world its taint of poison fling 371  
'Mid welling waters of joys freshest spring;  
Soon shall its griefs, which tyrannise the free,  
Lead, placid Alma, to regret for thee!  
Thy treasur'd image many a lover bears  
Nearest his heart, nor time, nor space, impairs;  
Up the Pearl Gulf, by Syria's withering route,  
As Eastern pilgrim, inwardly devout,  
Who, while his camels drink of Basra's wells,  
At the sweet tinkling of the evening bells, 380.  
In soul is wafted, and with sigh returns  
To Mecca's altars, and Medina's urns;  
And, ne'er profaning in his silent thought,  
Renders more homage than the prophet sought.  
Learning's enthusiast! can he think with scorn  
Of seats, where learning fills her copious horn,  
Where Bodley's dome concentrates human kind,  
And groans with massive monuments of mind.

Go, classic Tyro, should thy thoughts inurn  
Those flames of Pindus, which undying burn, 390

But by young bosoms are most freely fed,  
Go, seek those records of th' immortal dead !  
For there has Intellect extoll'd our race,  
Yielding of primal strength a shadowy trace;  
There Science opens such exhaustless stores,  
The mind allows its weakness, and deplores ;  
There Rhetoric twines its mesh, a subtle snare  
Weaves the Logician, but as net-work fair :  
A countless booty, rapt from myriad shores,  
Vast as the precious sands which Ocean pours. 400  
Had the Greek Sage, who scoff'd at ingots pil'd  
In Lydian gaza, and contemptuous smil'd  
On pearls and rubies, tempting him no more  
Than Mica spangles, nugatory store,  
Beheld this wealth, tho' moth corrode, and rust,  
Which shames the dynast, and his golden dust,  
Solon had chill'd with envy, and confest  
That their possessors were the truly blest.  
More rich those floors than with pale Ophir's gleam,  
Or blocks of marble, or the cedar beam, 410  
Where every year beholds new fragments strewn,  
Each bears his shaft, however roughly hewn ;  
Such fascination flutters in the gown,  
And so contagious fever of renown.

Ah ! who would steal to death's unruffled nest,  
Or slip within the shroud, infolding rest,  
A rest unbroken, ere his arm had wrought  
Brilliant redemption, from the servile thought,  
That he shall fade from being, form, and mind,  
Nor leave one legacy to bless mankind, 420  
One stamp, by which intelligence is shown,  
Of sterling coinage, and the mark his own.  
New facts arise, new forms of fiction start,  
And search new foldings to surprise the heart,  
So vast polemic arguments, and gnomes,  
That life would fail the scanners of the tomes,  
We seem too shortly to rejoin the spheres,  
And envy patriarchs their extreme of years ;  
Yet 'mid the volumes numberless, we mourn  
Full many an author, who has pass'd the bourne, 430  
And fear, alas ! such ponderous works succeed,  
These floors will sink, or none remain to read ;  
Thus the fair despot, when, by Helle's coast,  
He bless'd the waving of the countless host,  
Yet wept with prescience of a hundred years,  
Where then the hurlers of the myriad spears ?  
O that the mind had realiz'd its prime,  
Uncheck'd by sloth, by suffering or crime,



Nor Othman wrapt, in winding sheet of flame,  
The records of its glory, and its shame ! 440  
Had superstition marr'd not, nor abas'd,  
Nor despot bound, nor war's mail'd hand effaced,  
How had we vaulted on from light to light,  
From tower to tower, on height surpassing height,  
How had we snatch'd the fruit, where lies no ban,  
And hasten'd the millennium to man !  
The soul has suffer'd with the body's shame,  
By sickness dwarf'd, and warp'd in passion's flame,  
As the world's ligatures, with bondage strait,  
Check the free motion, cramp the springy gait ; 450  
Beauty still blossoms on the virgin breast,  
And strength is bodied in the manly chest,  
But, were the models of the wreckage seen,  
Could man identify his parent mien !  
Still are there sainted relics to redeem,  
And fire beholders with a prouder theme,  
Writings of men, who breath'd a purer air,  
Whose presence meets us in the house of prayer ;  
Who join'd the Invisible with worlds of sense,  
Raising the earth by chains of eloquence. 460

Ah ! who can bow within St. Mary's fane,  
Nor feel what effluent memories remain

Of lofty seers, who sanctified their race,  
And strew'd their mantles in the tripod's place.  
There Wickliffe, watchful warder, woke the dead,  
The dead to knowledge, caught the light, which shed  
Its pale presaging, and, with holy rage,  
Pour'd its first spirit on the pastor's page.  
There Jewel bade the book no more be seal'd,  
But Scripture truths to every gaze reveal'd; 470  
There Hooper rent the veil, which Papists weav'd,  
To muffle truth, deceiving, and deceiv'd;  
There Taylor swept his rhythmic words along,  
As truth perspicuous, as conviction strong,  
Like streams, which pour rare pearls on golden sand,  
And children gather with a wondering hand.  
Yet Youth, the fond, the fanciful, has dreams,  
Thy tomb, pale Amy, steals from loftier themes,  
As bird of Eden bleeding on the thorn,  
Fair, yet forsaken—faithful, and forlorn: 480  
For whom in vain was wafted mother's vow,  
Beauty sigh'd o'er her, as she lin'd the brow,  
Still, rob'd in Fancy's drapery, awake  
Her charms long sepulchred, and holier make  
Those rounded pillars for their tablet's sake. }

Away to Wykeham's Chapel, would ye trace  
Art's slender footstep, and the print of grace !  
For twenty generations, hymn, and prayer,  
Glow with the morn and melt with even there ;  
Away, when sunlight, tremulously shed, 490  
Mellows each lichen'd record of the dead !  
Where marble roses mimic tendrils twine,  
And gleaming cherubs fixedly recline ;  
Where the dim vista of the fretted roof,  
And rich moresque work with its cunning woof,  
And glass of gorgeous colouring, whose dyes  
Borrow their tints from oriental skies,  
Strike to the heart thro' all the guards, which sin,  
Or pride, or apathy has clasp'd within.  
Martyrs and seraphs there in dazzling white, 500  
And opal raiment glimmer shadow'd light,  
And Scripture's missal brightly dim appears,  
With warriors stern, apostles, gifted seers :  
But most the eye reverts its silent praise,  
Where Saviour Babe with emanating rays  
Of glory lies ; on mage, on shepherd fall  
Beams of that presence which o'erflood the stall ;  
Above, the seraph yearns to read what grace  
Of mystic mercy frees a fallen race :

Below, the Virtues, born in loftier sphere, 510  
In sweetest form, the female form, appear :  
See ! springy Hope all credulous to fly,  
As tho' she view'd a sister in the sky ;  
See ! Charity mature with open breast,  
Two infants fondly to her arms comprest,  
Looks on a third that look which calms despair,  
And smiles assurance of maternal care :  
While Faith erects her cross, nor heaves a plaint,  
But clasps more closely as she feels more faint.  
Hark ! as we gaze, too pensive to rejoice, 520  
The fervid organ lifts its solemn voice :  
Up pillar'd aisle, and shafted oriel round,  
To fretted rafter bursts the tide of sound,  
And strikes beneath the pavement, where decays  
The monk, who lov'd such pageantry of praise :  
Thro' the long nave what deep hosannahs roll,  
The gush of rapture, and the thrill of soul !  
What vesper chant in Piety's young note,  
As fleecy cloud which scarcely seems to float,  
But streak'd with azure slowly sails away 530  
With choral songsters into fuller day.  
Earth's pallid sorrows soften at the quire,  
With the glad anthem angel hopes aspire,



Whose lingering echoes tremulously cease ;  
Be still each passion ! beat each pulse in peace !  
And are these pomps mere vanities, which sway  
The senses to religion ? Can we pray  
In fane too sumptuous for abode of him,  
Who fill'd the Shechinah, the Cherubim ?  
Tho' no pure matins unrequited fall 540  
On the rush floor, or breath'd from clay-cold wall,  
Rear the light roof, and stretch the portal wide,  
A Christian temple is the Christian's pride :  
Magnificence becomes the gift she brings,  
When offering tribute to the King of kings.  
Shades of my sires ! your labours were not vain—  
We smooth the palace ! ye adorn'd the fane !  
We toil on statues, basilics, and squares—  
Ye modell'd fabrics meet for learning's heirs !

Ye saintly founders ! whose most righteous zeal 550  
Secur'd this key-stone of your country's weal—  
Ye sage artificers ! whose ample mind  
Lives in these structures, patriots of mankind,  
Who, when chill Science glimmer'd partial day,  
And Superstition glared malignant ray,  
Search'd with prophetic glance the ambient gloom,  
Rear'd stately structures, fearless of the tomb,

A brighter age, a nobler nation view'd,  
And left to 'Time the debt of gratitude;  
If, as the wise have imag'd, sainted forms 560  
Glide back on rainbows to our sphere of storms,—  
If this world's moon-beam pierce the darkling wave  
Which sweeps in silence o'er the mystic grave;  
If legions bodiless protect the spot  
Belov'd in death, in slumber unforget—  
Walter de Merton! from th' Elysian sphere,  
Where Lethe flows not, drop the joyful tear!  
Stoop from your seats, blest visitants above,  
Whose bliss is knowledge, and that knowledge love!  
Rejoice that she, who, faint and feeble stray'd, 570  
An unripe spirit from th' Elysian glade,  
That Albion's genius should have proudly thrown  
Her ægis over lands to you unknown,  
Justice her sceptre, and the waves her throne;  
Her brow endiadem'd with fame, her voice,  
The peal in which Antarctic climes rejoice,  
While this the centre, where her sons unite,  
Proud in her pride, and steadfast in her might;  
This the mid temple thro' whose ivory gate  
Her thousands sally to support the state! 580

How chang'd, ye Genii, her celestial guard,  
From that dim era, when, on silent sward,  
Rose Rhedycina, blest as spell-told mound,  
Or green Oasis, deserts for her bound :  
Then tracts uncultur'd, with umbrageous sweep,  
Wav'd from still Severn to the German deep,  
And, thro' wild brakes, yet wilder Briton ran,  
In savage chase, untutor'd into man ;  
When Druids led dark orgies in the shade  
Of sacred oak, and bar'd the murderous blade, 590  
And Mona shudder'd, in the moon's pale gleam,  
To seer's wild chant, or victim's hollow scream ;  
Thence years of glory circle the charm'd spot ;  
(If bard forget them, be the bard forgot !)  
There learning shelter'd, sprung a Christian fane,  
Tho' Saxon pillag'd, and usurp'd the Dane ;  
There Canute crown'd him with barbaric pride,  
There (human change) the sainted Edmund died ;  
There stormy synods rush'd to dire debate,  
And private wrongs were fulmin'd on the state, 600  
Ere freedom breath'd on monarchy accord ;  
Rust marr'd the mace, but brightly gleam'd the sword.  
Why name the sad reverse ? how Oxford fell,  
When rock'd pale England to the Norman knell ;

How, like keen fowlers, foemen limn'd her spoils,  
And Osney's Abbey rued their cruel toils;  
Beauteous again her landscape re-appears,  
And sceptres glitter down the gulf of years :  
There Beauclerk palac'd, studious of the spot,  
(The witching smile of Rosamond forgot,) 610  
Which Alfred honour'd; Cœur-de-Lion fed  
That soul of prowess, iron-girt, which led  
His archers, fainting not, o'er leagues of sand,  
And thinn'd with ponderous axe the Paynim band;  
There Creci's victor drain'd the tale of Troy,  
The man avouching, what inspir'd the boy;  
There train'd Plantagenet, the free, the bold,  
Let sorrowing Azincour attest his mould !—  
Alas ! that classics, eminent to shame  
A sordid breast, and nerve the patriot's aim, 620  
Should yield to Bigotry's ensanguin'd sway,  
As sinks in meteor's wake the star's benignant ray:  
Dark was their knowledge, for it steel'd the good,  
Their zeal accursed, ravening for blood,  
Which canonized by torture Cranmer's name,  
Prov'd Ridley perfect by the ordeal flame,  
At whose meek carriage, passing mortal show,  
Words find no passage, tears forget to flow;



Still fancy paints their calm, majestic air,  
Their lips mov'd gently in forgiving prayer ; 630  
One drop steals slowly from the patient eye,  
They feel no trembling, feel not loath to die ;  
But memory tells of spirits, kind, and true,  
And gushes o'er old friends some earthy dew ;  
Ah ! the pale pangs of death too surely prove,  
With what intensity the soul can love :  
The pyre is kindled, hence ye cares which roll  
Shadows of anguish on the parting soul !  
More than resign'd, rejoicing, more than meek,  
A glow of rapture lights the pallid cheek ! 640  
Weakness falls off, as fetters in the blaze,  
Their forms dilating to th' astonish'd gaze ;  
They tread the billowy flame as Israel trod  
When one walked with them, 'like the son of God.'  
'They shrink not shuddering, heave no plaintive groan,  
For faith enclasps them with protecting zone.  
Mounts the pure spirit, which all pangs defied,  
And Heaven seemed opening as the martyrs died.  
Spring up, fierce flames, and scorch the thin grey hair—  
Burst each blue vein ! the spirit dwells not there ! 650  
Wreath, as with glory, flames, that funeral pile,  
Soon shall religion light, with patient smile,

A thousand beacons from that hallow'd blaze,  
Till England glisten in the Saviour rays!  
Though no vain marble guards the martyr's dust,  
No boastful record theirs, or flattering bust,  
The church their urn, secure from bigot rage,  
Her meek confession their recording page!

She comes, the virgin queen, on snow-white steed,  
Eliza, mistress of a milder creed ! 660  
With crested knights, and dames in dazzling throng,  
The pomp of jubilee, and march of song ;  
Revisits armouries, whose darts she bore,  
And rubs from rust her dearly cherish'd lore.  
Vast are the pains which ponderous scholars wreak  
On Latin orthodox, and loyal Greek ;  
As when the giants beetling mountains threw,  
And Ossa first, and then Olympus, flew ;  
Tho' learning's channel far, and freely, spreads,  
Pigmies coæval ! hide your minish'd heads ! 670  
Grace sinks enormous as the goodly chine,  
And Hebrew texts flow freely as the wine ;  
While pagan plays the royal muse enthral,  
Right merrie, and right erudite withal ;

She loves the quaint conceit, the classic tale—  
Ah, trusty Oxford, thou didst never fail!  
Nor did she fail, when discord's genial star  
Shot, pale, and pestilent, the plagues of war;  
When rebel patriots chanted rights of man,  
Death in the rear, but freedom in the van, 680  
And turbid spirits, at their spells amaz'd,  
Quail'd from the tempest which themselves had rais'd;  
When rung the clarion, neigh'd th' exulting steed,  
And blood drops dew'd the peace-enamour'd mead;  
As islet moveless, though rough billows beat,  
In danger dauntless, constant in defeat;  
Fane for the altar, palace for the throne  
The chosen city Charles could call his own.  
Ill-fated prince! thy virtues were a gem,  
Rich carcanet in regal diadem, 690  
But fate was envious every fault to know,  
And steep'd each slight infirmity in woe;  
Yet history digs for thee a splendid grave,  
Never did memory fail the patriot brave,  
And pity's tutelage preserves thy name,  
Thee, not thy victor, she embalms to fame!  
In vain the warrior students proudly bled,  
And pour'd their treasures on the anointed head;

In vain their blades were shiver'd to the hilt,  
In that dark drama of a nation's guilt; 700  
Breaking his seals of wrath the angel stood,  
And well'd the waters in rebellious flood,  
Rending each vestige of a kindly sway,  
Sweeping the loyal hearth, the marble shrine away;  
England's protector wrapt in sanguine pall  
Her shades Lycean, swept the silent hall  
With ruffian halberds, eager to defile,  
And learning startled fled her favourite pile;  
Not the loud threat, the spoiler's brandish'd steel,  
Nor the keen fetters of misguided zeal, 710  
Could bind that falcon spirit, whose far flight  
Shook from their grasp its plumage in the light;  
With necks unbow'd, with firmness unsubdued,  
Could they succumb to sordid multitude?  
Could they subscribe a covenant, whose tone  
Was to faith schism, treason to the throne?  
Each arm, like thine, stern Roman, in the flame  
Had sapp'd its nerve, ere minister'd to shame!

While Cromwell sought the Lord with pious pain,  
Sought (Satan shield hypocrisy!) in vain; 720  
A few associates, charter'd by the crown,  
Which, thus conferring, rais'd its own renown,



Sons of that Archimedes, ancient sage,  
Who traced his figures 'mid the battle's rage;  
(If mind ennobled, the supremely great,  
If knowledge riches, rich in small estate :)  
Met in brief conclave, not as dark Divan  
To mutter mysteries, and enlighten man;  
No wild debaters puerile, and weak,  
Who, what their hearts reject, presume to speak ; 730  
But to build home for science, to direct  
Its first faint flutterings, and its flight protect ;  
For Oxford bowers lay desolate, and drear—  
Where bow'd the priest, the soldier slung his spear.

Was hers an abject loyalty, the pace  
Of courtier cringing e'en to man's disgrace?  
Was hers the chant of tyranny, whose strain  
Blends with the clank of military chain?  
No! firmly loyal, but devoutly free,  
She raz'd not statutes at a king's decree ; 740  
Her sons rejected Despot, Regicide,  
Else why had Locke disputed? Russel died?  
Nor perjurd conscience, though the sceptred wrath  
Flung its hot bolt of vengeance in their path—  
Fame, fortune, life, we perill'd for your crown,  
But to false Idol we will not bow down;

The Stuart threatened, and his menace quail'd  
Before their firmness, but the priest prevail'd :  
Then burst that spirit, with indignant swèll,  
Whose mad out-pourings monarchs may not quell ; 750  
The scholar's voice found echoes through the land,  
Again the Stuart sought a foreign strand,  
Too late he rued his daring, vain regret,  
Dynasts must change, his natal star had set !

The voice of prescience has forgot to rave,  
Her leaves are scatter'd from the Sibyl's cave ;  
The stone has rung on Merlin's voiceless tomb,  
And sleeps the future wrapt in shadowy gloom ;  
Yet Fancy suns her with prospective view,  
Ye Genii render Fancy's vision true ! 760  
Thy star, she cries, has not attain'd its prime,  
Nor shall its setting dim the scrolls of time :  
What ! though these proud pavilions disappear,  
New roofs shall rise, new habitants revere,  
And others wave the sceptre in their stead,  
When they are gather'd to the narrow bed.  
'Thus jewell'd mountains never cease to bear,  
But sparkling strangers rise each decade there,—

Centre of systems ! Orbit of the soul !  
Planets roll round thee, and shall ever roll ; 770  
Till pure Religion waver in her creed,  
Shall holy fires the central altar feed ;  
Till memory's print be cold, shall bloom the spot,  
Nor cease to charm, till learning be forgot.

## NOTES TO PART I.

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Note 1, line 19.

*Memory, Fancy, Mind*

*Within thy stately Colleges enshrin'd.*

“ THE Student is lodged in a palace ; and when he walks abroad, his eyes are fed on every side with the most splendid assemblages of architectural pomp and majesty, which our island can display. He dines in a hall, whose lofty compartments are occupied with the portraitures of illustrious men, who, of old, underwent the same discipline, in which he is now engaged, amidst the same impressive and appropriate accompaniments of scene and observance. He studies in his closet the same books which have for a thousand years formed the foundation of the intellectual character of Englishmen. In the same chapel wherein the great and good men of England were wont to assemble, he listens every evening, and every morning, to the same sublime music, and sublimer words, by which their devotion was kindled, and their faith sustained. He walks under the shadow of the same elms, plantains, and sycamores, beneath whose branches the thoughtful steps of Newton, or Bacon, Locke and Milton,



have sounded. These old oaks, which can no longer give shade or shelter, but which still present their bare and gnarled limbs to the elements around him—they were the contemporaries of Alfred. Here the memories of kings, and heroes, and saints, and martyrs, are mingled for ever with those of poets and philosophers; and the spirit of the place walks visible, shedding all around one calm, and lofty influence, alike refreshing to the affections and to the intellect—an influence, which blends together, in indissoluble union, all the finest elements of patriotism, and loyalty, and religion.”—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

Note 2, line 23.

*Associations, whose imperious tye,  
Ensnares the giant, but eludes the eye.*

In allusion to the adventure of Gulliver at Lilliput, who was bound to the ground by innumerable ligatures, scarcely perceptible to the sight, but sufficiently strong to retain him prisoner.

Note 3, line 50.

*Philosophy has purified the air.*

“There is one very powerful incentive to learning—I mean, the genius of the place. It is a sort of inspiring deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenuous disposition

creates to himself, by reflecting that he is placed under those venerable walls, where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame."—*The Idler*.

Note 4, line 76.

*Could he, as Æson, gird on youthful powers.*

What school-boy will fail to remember Medea, and the wonderful effects of her charmed cauldron?

"Pulsa fugit macies; abeunt pallorque situsque;

"Adjectoque cavæ supplentur sanguine venæ;

"Membraque luxuriant. Æson miratur, et olim,

"Ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos."

Note 5, line 77.

*Again all blushing he would press the fee.*

Freshmen are to this day a proscribed and persecuted, as well as blooming and bashful, race. They may thank the fates, however, for having escaped such mental agonies, as were exacted in olden time, and which honest Antony Wood describes with much comic pathos. "On Shrove Tuesday the Fellowes would go to supper before six, when every Freshman was brought before the fire in the hall, and made to pluck off his gowne and band, and, if possible, to make

himself look like a scoundrell. This done, they were conducted, each after the other, to the high table, and there made to stand on a forme placed thereon; from whence they were to speak their speech with an audible voice to the company: which, if well done, the person that spoke it, was to have a cup of cawdle, and no salted drinke." The following is the commencement of Antony's address. " May it please your Gravities to admit into your presence a Kitten of the Muses, and a meer Frog of Helicon, to croak the cataracts of his Plumbeous Cerebrosity, before your sagacious ingenuities. Perhaps you may expect that I should thunder out demi-cannon-words, and level my sulphureous throat against my fellowes of the Tyrocinian crew. I have been no chairman in the committee of Apollo's Creatures, neither was I ever admitted into the cabinet councils of the Pierian dames, that my braines should evaporate into high hyperboles, or that I should bastinado the times with a tart Satyr of a magic pen," &c. Could our present Freshmen pour forth such an eloquent and elegant exordium? It may be doubted!

Note 6, line 149.

*Each footstep ushers in a gorgeous scene.*

" The High-Street contains the noblest, and most diversified assemblage of architectural objects, perhaps, in this country, and strongly impresses the mind with an idea of the

splendour, and gothic magnificence of earlier times. The easy curve in which the entrance is constructed, adds much to its beauty, as straight lines (notwithstanding the opinion of Sir Christopher Wren in his intended plan of London) are certainly not pleasing to the critical eye, though they may contribute to the health, and convenience of a great city."

*Ireland's Picturesque Views on the Thames.*

Note 7, line 153.

*But proudly points, as model of her power,  
To where reposes Wolsey's stately tower.*

"Magdalen College, at the foot of the bridge, is a noble specimen of the gothic style of building: its lofty tower which is about 150 feet high, was erected anno 1442, under the direction of that princely prelate Wolsey, who was at that time Fellow and Bursar of the college. The scale of it may be said to correspond with the daring aims and character of his mind; and if, as some have said, he exhausted the revenues of the college in this undertaking, it marks them so much the more strongly."—*Ireland.*

Note 8, line 161.

*Onward he views, with foreign grace display'd,  
The watery cupola, and gay façade.*

"Queen's College is a modern structure, begun in the year



1672, and somewhat resembling the style of the Luxemburgh Palace. The cupola is certainly not proportionate to the rest of the façade, being much too large, and totally misplaced. It has, besides, more the air of a canopy held over the queen, than an embellishment to a public edifice. The nick-name of salt-cellar and pepper-box bestowed on this building, and the neighbouring spires of All Souls, by some young students, though ludicrous, is not inapplicable to the whimsical combination of objects, which from hence present themselves to a certain point of view."—*Ireland*.

Note 9, line 301.

*These were the groves whence Inspiration smil'd  
On wayward Collins, Fancy's rose-wreath'd child.*

Addison and Collins were of Maudlin. It would appear from Warton's Life of Bathurst, that a walk in the grove, though always deemed grateful to the Muse, was not always so agreeable to the president. He delighted, says that pleasant biographer, to surprise the scholars, when walking in the grove, at unseasonable hours; on which occasions, he frequently carried a whip in his hand, an instrument of academical correction, then not entirely laid aside. But this he practised on account of the pleasure he took in giving so odd an alarm, rather than from any principle of approving, or intention of applying an illiberal punishment. A striking

instance of zeal for his college in the dotage of old age is yet remembered. Balliol College had suffered so much in the outrages of the great rebellion, that it remained almost in a state of desolation for some years after the restoration : a circumstance not to be suspected from its flourishing condition ever since. Dr. Bathurst was perhaps secretly pleased to see a neighbouring, and once a rival society, reduced to this condition, while his own flourished beyond all others. Accordingly one afternoon he was found in his garden, which then ran almost contiguous to the east-side of Balliol College, throwing stones at the windows with much satisfaction, as if happy in contributing his share in completing the appearance of its ruin.

Note 10, line 326.

*As Arno dear, or Mincius, to song.*

“ Rivers have, in all ages, been themes for the poet; the Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid ; while the Arno, Mincio, and Tagus boast their Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Camoens.”

*Bucke's Harmonies of Nature.*

Note 11, line 329.

*Still Warton's spirit haunts thy dreamy cell.*

Warton, her poet Laureate, wrote the “ Triumph of Isis” in reply to Mason's Elegy, who, while he inveighed against

the politics of the spot, personified the river in these beautiful lines.

“ Far from her hallow’d grot, where, mildly bright,  
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light  
 From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell,  
 Where coral glow’d, where twin’d the wreathed shell,  
 Pale Isis lay; a willow’s lowly shade  
 Spread its thin foliage o’er the sleeping maid;  
 Clos’d was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
 In careless folds loose flow’d her zoneless vest;  
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow  
 In all the awful negligence of woe;  
 Her urn sustain’d her arm, that sculptur’d vase  
 Where Vulcan’s art had lavish’d all his grace.  
 Here, full with life, was heaven-taught science seen  
 Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien;  
 There cloud-crown’d fame, here peace, sedate and bland,  
 Swell’d the loud trump, and wav’d the olive wand;  
 While solemn domes, arch’d shades and vistas green,  
 At well mark’d distance close the sacred scene.”

Note 12, line 365.

*E’en as the hero of Amhard’s tale.*

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Note 13, line 387.

*Where Bodley’s dôme concentrates human kind.*

“ As water, whether it be the dew of heaven, or the springs  
 of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, ex-  
 cept it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by

union comfort and sustain itself, (and for that cause the industry of man hath made and framed spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools, which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn, with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity,) so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed as Universities, Colleges, and Schools for the receipt and comforting of the same.”—*Bacon’s Advancement of Learning*.

Note 14, line 431.

*And fear, alas! such ponderous works succeed,  
These floors will sink, or none remain to read.*

The present superabundance of books, though considered a great evil, is assuredly an evil far less grievous than former sterility, when there was a mighty famine in the land. “The following remarkable instance of the inconvenience, and impediments to study, which must have been produced by a scarcity of books, occurs in the statutes of St. Mary’s College at Oxford, founded as a Seminary to Osney Abbey in the year 1446. Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most; so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same. About the commence-



ment of the fourteenth century, there were only four classics in the royal library at Paris. These were, one copy of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius."—*Oxoniana*.

Note 15, line 433.

*Thus the fair despot, when, by Helle's coast,  
He bless'd the waving of the countless host.*

Xerxes, the tallest and fairest among his five millions. For an account of the tears shed, and moral reflections thereupon, see Herodotus.

Note 16, line 443.

*How had we vaulted on from light to light.*

"How little were the Romans removed from the discovery of the art and advantages of printing. What speculations instantly suggest themselves on the probable consequences of such an event! Whether the human intellect under the operation of such favourable excitements, and the constant impulse of information, accumulated through a succession of ages, would not by this time have arrived at a degree of perfection, of which we can have no idea."—*Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Sicily*.

Note 17, line 454.

*Could man identify his parent mien.*

"Aristotle is but the rubbish of Adam."—*Tillotson*.

Note 18, line 480.

*Fair, yet forsaken—faithful, and forlorn.*

In the midst of the discourse at St. Mary's, an old monumental tablet casually attracted my eye; a thought flashed across me—I was under the same roof with the grave of Amy Robsart. I ventured to whisper a question to my companion. He replied, there is no stone to mark the spot, and we have but the tradition that the body was removed from Cumnor, and deposited in the church with pompous obsequies. “Peace be with thee, lovely one.”—*Etonian*.

Note 19, line 504.

*But most the eye reverts its silent praise.*

A poem was published at Oxford, on the painted window of Sir J. Reynolds at New College soon after its erection, the following selection from which would tend to show how greatly descriptive poetry has degenerated!

“Ye brawny Prophets that, in robes so rich,  
At distance due, possess the crisped nich!  
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that, sublimely rear'd,  
Diffuse a proud primæval length of beard!  
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,  
More pride than humble poverty display!  
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown  
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown!  
Ye angels, that from golden clouds recline,  
But boast no semblance to a race divine!

No more the sacred windows round disgrace,  
 But yield to Grecian groups the shining place !  
 Lo ! from the canvass beauty shifts her throne,  
 Lo ! Picture's powers a new formation own.

Note 20, line 560.

*If, as the wise have imag'd, sainted forms  
 Glide back on rainbows to our sphere of storms.*

The philosopher of Stagyra, and Dr. Johnson, two of the profoundest thinkers of ancient and modern times, have indulged in these sweetly-fanciful speculations, and clung to the soothing hope that death does not deprive the anxious parent of all acquaintance with the fate, or all interest in the progress of his children.

Note 21, line 566.

*Walter de Merton ! from th' Elysian sphere,  
 Where Lethe flows not, drop the joyful tear !*

Merton, superior in antiquity to every other college, was founded by Walter de Merton, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry III., and afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Note 22, line 579.

*This the mid temple, through whose ivory gate.*

——“portâque emittit eburnâ.”—*Virg.*

Note 23, line 657.

*The Church their urn, secure from bigot rage.*

“ It appears rather singular that no monument should ever have been erected in Oxford to commemorate these great martyrs of the Protestant Church. Their fame, indeed, will survive any memorial, which can be raised by hands, but, as in all ages, it has been usual to express our respect and gratitude to the memory of those, who have contributed to the glory or welfare of their country, by erecting monuments or statues; surely this custom might be observed, with the greatest propriety, towards those, whose time and talents were dedicated to the establishment of our pure religion, and whose lives were sacrificed to its continuance and preservation.”—*Oxoniana*.

Note 24, line 659.

*She comes, the virgin queen, on snow-white steed,  
Eliza, mistress of a milder creed.*

The following amusing account of a royal visit to Oxford is extracted from a letter of G. Evelyn: “ At the appropriation of the King, after the beedles’ staves were delivered up to his Majesty, in token that they yielded up all their authority to him, the Vice-Chancellor spoke a speech to the King, and presented him with a Bible, in the Universitie’s



behalfe, the Queen with Cambden's Britannia in English, and the Prince Elect (as I take it) with Croke's Politicks, all of them with gloves, (Oxford is famous for gloves.) A little nigher the citye, where the citye's bounds are terminated, the Maior presented his Majestie with a large guilt cupp, and 'tenet vicinitatem opinio,' the Recorder of the city made a speech to his Majestie. In the entrance of the Universitie at St. John's College, he was detained with another speech made by a fellow of the house. The speech being ended, he went to Christ Church. Scholers standing on both sides of the street, according to their degrees in their formalitys, clamantes, 'Vivat rex noster Carolus.' Being entred Christ Church, he had another speech made by the Universitie Orator, and studient of the same house: the subject of all which speeches being this, expressing their joy, and his welcome to the Universitie. Then retiring himself a litile, he went to prayers; they being ended, soone after to supper, and then to the play, whose subject was the calming of the passions, but it was generally misliked of the Court, because it was so grave, but especially because they understood it not. This was the first day's entertainment."

Note 25, line 666.

*On Latin orthodox, and loyal Greek.*

"Give me leave to tell you, cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you, in

regard to the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge. I was told of a countryman, who, coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese, and a few dogs that were hard by; being asked the reason, he answered, that he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin."—*Howel's Letters.*

Note 26, line 688.

*The chosen city Charles could call his own.*

"The King marched with the whole army to Oxford, which was the only city of England that he could say was entirely at his devotion: where he was received by them, to whom the fidelity and integrity of that place is to be imputed, with all joy and acclamation."—*Clarendon.*

Note 27, line 715.

*Could they subscribe a covenant, whose tone  
Was to faith schism, treason to the throne?*

"The whole body of the University was "so far from submitting to the rule of the covenant, that they met in their Convocation, and, to their eternal renown, (being at the same time under a strict and strong garrison put over them by the Parliament, the King in prison, and all their hopes desperate,)

passed a public act and declaration against the covenant, with such invincible arguments of the illegality, wickedness, and perjury, contained in it, that no man of the contrary opinion, nor the assembly of the divines, (which then sate at Westminster, forming a new catechism, and scheme of religion,) ever ventured to make any answer to it, nor is it indeed to be answered, but must remain to the world's end, as a monument of the learning, courage, and loyalty of that excellent place, against the highest malice that ever was exercised in and over any nation ; and which those famous commissioners only answered by expelling all those who refused to submit to their jurisdiction, or to take the covenant; which was, on the matter, the whole University.”—*Clarendon*.

Note 28, line 739.

*No ! firmly loyal, but devoutly free.*

In accordance with this sentiment, Sir W. Jones wrote the following sentence : “ Sachez, Monsieur, que l'Université que vous décriez, et dont vous n'avez pas la moindre idée, jouit d'un privilège, que n'ont pas vos Académies ; c'est celui qui distingue l'homme libre de l'homme qui ne l'est pas ; celui de faire ses propres lois dans la grande assemblée du royaume. Elle choisit ses représentans parmi ceux, qui ont le plus de talent et de vertu. Elle n'est pas, comme on sait,

le seul corps politique de l'Angleterre, qui jouisse de ce beau privilège ; mais elle fait plus, elle n'en abuse point. La moindre recommandation de la parte du ministère, la moindre cabale de la parte du candidat, suffirait pour le faire rejeter. A-t-il des talens, de la vertu ? Il peut espérer d'atteindre à cette haute dignité. N-en a-t-il point ? Il ne l'atteindra jamais. Tandis que l'Université d'Oxford préservera ce droit précieux, elle sera la plus respectable Académie, qui ait jamais existée." These praises have the charm of novelty. Should any reader, young or female, be inquisitive enough to enquire why Sir W. Jones wrote this eulogium in the French language, we must perforce give his unique reply to the French assailant : " Enfin, Monsieur, vous devez lui savoir bon gré de vous avoir écrit dans une langue qui ne lui est pas naturelle uniquement parceque vous la savez un peu."

Note 29, line 768.

*Thus jewell'd mountains never cease to bear,  
But sparkling strangers rise each decade there.*

"The workmen informed me that the generation of diamonds is always going on, and that they have just as much chance of success, in searching earth fourteen or fifteen years unexamined, as in digging what has never been disturbed."—*Brewster's Journal.*





THE  
PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART II.

---

“Κάλλιστον αἱ μεγαλόπολεις Ἀθᾶναι  
Προοίμιον.”

---

“These walls have girded in great ages,  
And sent forth mighty spirits.”

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## ARGUMENT OF PART II.

Refutation of the calumnies urged against Oxford, by an appeal to the list of eminent sons whom she has educated, and to the studies which she encourages—System of honours described—Theology—Philosophy—Aristotle's Ethics and Rhetoric—History—Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus—Poetry—The three Tragedians, Aristophanes, Theocritus, and Pindar; Virgil, Catullus, Horace, and Juvenal—The meliorating influence of these studies on the judgment, the memory, and the imagination; exemplified in a friend and fellow student—Tribute to his virtues—Invocation to Science, which is not neglected at the University; the benefits of its several branches more particularly enumerated—Praise of Geology—Buckland—Knowledge personified—Rapid progress hailed in South America and Greece—Prediction that Syria and Palestine will again be illumined by Knowledge, Freedom, and Truth; when these shall fill the world, as a Temple, Oxford will be still the adytum—Conclusion.

THE  
PÆAN OF OXFORD.

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PART II.

---

AUGUR of glory! be the promise true—  
Faith laughs assent, and Hope drinks in the view;  
But wherefore dies the chord's triumphal swell?  
For merry rebec strikes a solemn knell;  
What envious mists with mantling shroud invade  
The turret's honour and the cloistral shade?  
What din of tumult threatens Harmonia's vale?  
The maiden city what alarms assail?  
There are, alas! of dark and rigid brows,  
No lofty dreamers of poetic vows, 10  
Men who have quaff'd not of Castalia's fount,  
Nor knelt, Hymettus, in thy vine-clad mount;



Who fain would rend fair Isis from her fane,  
Tear down her myrtles, and her streamlets drain;  
With strangers, aliens, throng her shining dome,  
Raze Grecian records, raze the works of Rome!  
Ye bigots of reform, who live by change,  
Denounce old systems, ancient forms derange;  
Ye selfish sciolists, whose tastes deride  
Our modes of faith—derision misapplied; 20  
Who slight the learning which ye never knew,  
And jibe the mother which despises you;  
Is her bright armoury an idle store?  
Are treasur'd classics, legendary lore,  
All inefficient for an active lot,  
Sought to be slighted—gather'd and forgot?  
No! by the kings of century-told renown,  
Who fashion'd here their brows to bear a crown;  
No! by her peers, the drops of whose pure veins  
Stamp'd Magna Charta with its ruddy stains, 30  
Whose honour gleams as star upon the breast,  
Veil'd with soft courtesy as silken vest;  
By her proud senate, proud in Albion's weal,  
Where live the echoes of the thunder-peal  
When Chatham hurl'd the bolt, and Holland caught,  
And Freedom listen'd as her masters taught;

No! by her sons of battle-plain and flood,  
Whose names are trac'd in characters of blood,  
Whose praise is rung where stormy clarions rave,  
Pillow'd whose glory on the surging wave ; 40  
By pale-eyed pastors of the reverend dress,  
Who vouch the blessing, and whose manners bless,  
The men of God, who heaven-ward tempt to rise,  
And mount by Jacob's stair-way to the skies ;  
By classic toga folding liberal laws,  
By her keen patrons of the dubious cause,  
Who wield sharp wit as falchion from the file,  
And win conviction with persuasive guile ;  
By her free gentry, an unspotted race,  
Whom by their blessings easily we trace, 50  
As streams whose course unheard with moisture feeds  
The purple orchards, and the wavy meads ;  
By learning's barons, heritors of stores,  
Which with full largess lavish Nature pours ;  
By trophies rising far as mountains spread,  
Tombs overflowing with the learned dead ;  
We have not thus interpreted thy claim,  
But swear allegiance to thy cherish'd fame ;  
Else have we bow'd the head in Rimmon's fane,  
And trod the sounding porticoes in vain. 60

Give answer, ye, whose earliest hope has sought  
Urania's haunt, and fed each generous thought  
With classic converse in the classic shade,  
As Numa bearing from th' Egerian maid  
Tablets unearthly—tell your treasure gain'd,  
Unchang'd, unchangeable, by none profan'd.  
Religion bears the records mercy drew,  
Nor leaves one fleece unwet by evening's dew;  
Her blest memorials none can fail to read,  
With blind submission none disgrace their creed; 70  
The student deems his church the holiest, best,  
From Reason's mandate and the mind's behest;  
And learns her perfect Articles to quote  
With no mechanic aptitude of rote.  
Not as the sapient Thebans, when afraid  
To tell the motive of the rites they paid;  
Why did they offer serpents? their reply,  
Our fathers offer'd—we enquire not why—  
To Paley's candour he for sanction turns,  
And as he reads, with glad conviction burns; 80  
The law, the covenant to him unseal'd,  
And be their influence in his life reveal'd.  
Next proud Philosophy is taught to tend,  
Religion's handmaid and auxiliar friend,

As Ruth the aged Naomi addrest,  
I will not leave thee, blessing I am blest ;  
My steps shall press the path which thou hast trod,  
Thy people mine, and mine thy fathers' God.  
She summons muse of Plato, Reason's bride,  
And summons from the porch Stagira's pride, 90  
Who more than gods, his country's gods ador'd,  
And far as man may plume the pinion, soared ;  
Whose ethics sketch what modern skill dilates,  
In first rude draughts, economy of states ;  
Declares what end, as archers at a scope,  
Our race pursues, and how to guide their hope ;  
Who searches justice with keen glance, as when  
Minos dissected the dark deeds of men ;  
Embraces friendship, as the friend who found  
Its hidden spirit, emanating round 100  
So pure an atmosphere, no guilt might dare,  
Fraud, feud, or fickleness to chamber there ;  
And proves that pleasure steals a syren kiss,  
That Circe's chalice sparkles not with bliss.

Love ye, (who loves not) with seductive tongue,  
To win the plaudits of forensic throng ?  
His lectures knitting logic with your suit,  
Teach by deep question to ensnare, confute ;



To read the heart as tho' expos'd, and rent  
The slumbering passions in its ambush pent; 110  
The secret sway of age, and rank divine,  
Who yield to passions, how their powers combine  
To forge the bolt, the shafts of wit to wield,  
And pierce the sophist thro' his seven-fold shield,  
And garb the subject in so sweet a sound,  
That Art may least appear, yet most abound.

Next History lifts her mirror to the view,  
And Reason gazes on her changing hue,  
Whose sire illuming Athens' missal page,  
Bequeath'd rich legacy from age to age; 120  
Of simple anecdotes, adventures strange,  
And wild as monsters of the Libyan range;  
Of warriors, who their fearless gauntlet fling  
To raze the proudest crest in modern ring;  
Of battles with an empire's crisis rife,  
Whose game was liberty—the hazard, life.  
We mourn the crowning city's awful close,  
Beneath whose shadow nations sought repose;  
We measure Egypt's pyramids, and smile  
On the vague sources of the mystic Nile; 130  
And learn how Freedom, born in Attic fields,  
Spurn'd Asian swarms, and burst as flax their shields;

How Lydia, Persia, Greece with surging sweep  
Rose like fresh isles, emerging from the deep.  
Darkly succeeds th' anatomist, stern sage,  
Who scorn'd to tend sweet poesy's fair page ;  
Whose golden key unlocks all secret things,  
The thoughts of cities, and the hearts of kings ;  
Whose style of truth marks word, and fact, and date,  
And cyphers each dark *Scytalé* of state ; 140  
Still shuddering mercy strong in terror calls  
Thro' her pale victims from Plataea's walls ;  
Still black Corcyra, envying feeble fate,  
Explores new death-pangs with inventive hate ;  
Still burns the plague-spot smitten on each breast,  
Faint gleam the pyres with multitudes opprest ;  
And, reft of pride, by glory's self betray'd,  
Athenians fetter'd, steal thro' Enna's glade.

Nor will the genius of Italia fail  
To lead her Livy with his pictur'd tale, 150  
And seat him first in Fame's translucent dome,  
Whose marvels glorify the nascent Rome ;  
Again, and yet again we turn aside,  
Thro' the world's maze to hear so sweet a guide  
Discoursing eloquence ; what ills belong  
To tribune turbulence, patrician wrong ;

How Curtius leaps to glory, Decius spread  
The mantle of devotion o'er his head ;  
Like an immortal robe, how Quinctius flings  
His herbs aside, to crush the necks of kings. 160  
We pardon his ill-omen'd faith of fear,  
The oxen bellowing, " Mavors shakes his spear,"  
The milky rain, the sanguinary star,  
And press impatient on the punic war ;  
On Alpine snows to see the staff unfurl'd  
By vast Napoleon of the classic world ;  
Thrasymene reeling by the crimson cone,  
And Cannæ dyed with hillocks not its own ;  
Till, Roman magnanimity confest,  
With poison Vibius pledges Capuan guests, 170  
Fierce Carthage smoulders, Asia sells command,  
And Philip's phalanx prove a mortal band.  
Historian of the capitol ! thy fame  
Rebukes not Rome with records of her shame ;  
For thou didst dwell on warriors free and bold,  
On rugged minds, and breasts of iron mould ;  
And partial Time has spared thee the disgrace  
Of mourning factious wars and recreant race ;  
But doom'd dark Tacitus to brand his page  
With deeds of death—a thankless heritage. 180

How the stern mistress of the seven proud mounds,  
With Tagus and Euphrates spans her bounds:  
Up glory's steep how gain'd a height sublime,  
She sinks exhausted on the lap of crime.  
To picture scenes more dark than Cimbri wood,  
The pomps of crime, and harlotries of blood;  
That traitorous Valour grasps an iron crown,  
While Freedom slumbers on the couch of down,  
That lurks in Caprea's craig Imperial Fear,  
And hides a conscience murder cannot sear; 190  
Rolls on the tortur'd brave a mirthful glare,  
And mocks with crimson brow the suppliant's prayer:  
To tell that baths wooed Romans from the fight,  
That luxury winnow'd an adulterous light.  
We read and curse the purpled Nero's woes,  
His crouching minions, the Circensian shows;  
And deem the vengeance of the Vandal just—  
Down, sensual tyranny, bow down to dust!

Next sweeping slow with gorgeous stole along,  
The Guardian Genius of the Classic song 200  
Seeks her pavilion, as with Prospero's call,  
Summons her prophets to th' enchant'd hall;  
All who have struck the chords of Jubal's lyre  
And round whose brows has play'd celestial fire,



Who near Ilissus, Tiber, guard the urn,  
Carol light measure, teach the heart to mourn.  
Triad of Athens! by Euterpe crown'd,  
Of ebon wands, and temples cypress-bound;  
Who dip your vase in pity's crystal wave,  
Light your wan torch from terror's moody cave;      210  
Rise when the sable night has wrapp'd the tomb,  
Scattering thick shadows of desponding gloom;  
Then pants the soul with mimic horrors faint,  
While earth, air, ocean trembles to the plaint  
Of the fire-donor, and earth's riven rock  
Whelms him unyielding to her central shock.  
Gigantic Æschylus! if spirits roam,  
In Shakspeare's bosom thine has found a home,  
Or fill'd Salvator with his wildering fears,  
Lo! at thy side the pallid bard of tears,      220  
Who sings what woman can in anguish dare,  
Spare, fell Medea, sinless children spare!  
Or points where gasping the reluctant breath,  
To save her spouse, Alcestis welcomes death;  
Sees the blue azure swim with leaden hue,  
As saint devoted, and as woman true.  
Rise! comic censor of Athenian stage,  
Thou ribald statesman, thou buffooning sage;

Burlesquing all with keen licentious eye,  
And on a beetle mounting to the sky ; 230  
Bid in its pomp the Agora revive,  
Show the Pnyx buzzing with its idle hive ;  
At quibbling Cleon point the finger'd scorn,  
At hoary wisdom in the basket borne.  
Rise ! thou rude breather of the Doric shell,  
Telling the tale as nature loves to tell,  
And painting goat-herds with no features bland,  
Of artless mind and indurated hand.  
Rise ! Bion, Moschus, from whose harpings flow  
The softest, sweetest minstrelsies of woe ; 240  
While echo lingers, changeling of the air,  
To catch each note in fondness for despair.  
Rise ! Pindar, child of fire, with fancy's zone,  
Whose wreath of foreign chaplets knit thine own ;  
Whose steeds have hurried headlong to the meed,  
With necks in thunder clad, and foot of tempest-speed.

Come, Maro, mild refiner of thy race,  
Shedding o'er every bard a softer grace ;  
Raising each latent charm with potent call,  
From all exacting, and improving all : 250  
Wake thee, Catullus, dreamer light and gay,  
With Ariadne passioning ; whose lay,

Tho' Porcia would have slighted with a frown,  
Suits wanton ringlets, suits the cheek of down.  
Speed airy Horace from the Sabine farm,  
With soaring ode, and laughing satire warm ;  
Who 'mid the cool pavilion's shade reclin'd,  
Didst sooth with converse Cæsar's princely mind ;  
Nor can the muse to Juvenal deny,  
Lord of the withering sneer and cynic eye, 260  
Free entrance where her priests of glorious birth  
Are gathered from their ministries on earth.  
The studies these which rarefy the mind  
As silver from the crucible, which bind  
Human more closely with immortal sense,  
And heaven-ward elevate intelligence.  
The studies these which amplified thy breast,  
Regretted Junius, Alma's transient guest,  
Which pour'd crush'd fragrance on thy simple urn,  
And as rich sunbeams on thy memory burn ; 270  
For thou didst ransack prophet, priest, and bard,  
Seeking rare gems, and death the cold reward ;  
When scholars die, to shed the tear of woe  
Is nature's tribute—let it freely flow ;  
To praise the scholar's mind with holy pride  
Is friendship's solace—be it not denied ;

On ardent wing, with science would he soar,  
Nor yet too wise to worship and adore;  
Vers'd in the world's meanders, he could scan  
Its guileful paths, nor yet morose to man; 280  
By suffering tried, e'en youth is fledged in care,  
No fretful furrows followed sorrow's share;  
'Twas mild philosophy confirm'd his soul,  
Not Zeno's heartlessness, Eudoxus' bowl,  
Not his the pedant's brow, which, sternly pale,  
Rebukes the jest, and chills the mirthful tale;  
With him was wed in amicable strife,  
The wit of social, love of studious life;  
He doff'd his scholarship, as warrior's plume,  
In private converse, ready to resume, 290  
Should any foe to tournament advance,  
Of wordy conflict, shivering lance on lance.  
When Greek meets Greek in mortal tug of war,  
And scapes no warrior scatheless of a scar,  
Then shower'd his soul rich treasure to the shock,  
As diamonds teeming from the pregnant rock;  
Learning had wrought him of Promethean mould,  
And her alembic turn'd the dross to gold;  
His inborn pride the semblance bore of truth,  
Single he stood, as Chamois-hunting youth, 300



Whose lips inhale the mountain breeze of morn,  
Contemns pale cities with a liberal scorn;  
Perchance, too fond fair visions to create,  
Sunning with hope chill certainties of fate;  
Perchance he fann'd too high Ambition's glow—  
Go backwards, Cynic, and the mantle throw  
Over his foibles—he has sunk to rest,  
As child soon shelter'd on a mother's breast.  
Farewell my friend! I paint the vernal dream,  
But thy bright shadow trembles in the beam; 310  
Thy bier of lofty cedar should be made,  
Whose leaves shed fragrance, and whose boughs a shade;  
For thine the art in social folds to bind  
The gentle manners with th' aspiring mind,  
And deep-vein'd marble o'er thy dust be laid,  
Were friendship simple, or its soul betray'd  
In chiming epitaph. Life, portrait, bust  
Deceive;—why trace deception o'er the dust?  
Not from the types of frailty we refrain,  
The wise so selfish, and the weak so vain! 320  
Tho' due to thee the tear which Nature gave,  
A balmy treasure for the good, the brave;  
Tho' much we linger on the story told,  
And feel its pressure, now the hand is cold;

There live to Sparta sons as true as thou,  
Beat as pure bosoms, towers as proud a brow :  
Her studies mould with potency unseen,  
Hearts speak one language, minds assume one mien ;  
Streams savour of the earth thro' which they flow,  
And her sons' lives evince how much they owe. 330  
Unlike the shadowy elm, whose foliage teems  
In darkling Hades with ephemeral dreams ;  
The tree of knowledge shades that welling wave,  
Bethesda-like, which heals the few who lave ;  
And when gay summer's fickle foliage fade,  
O'er drooping Nature pours a kindly shade :  
Friends wear strange colours, love is apt to change,  
Hollow its path—can fickleness estrange  
Ideas chasing in a brilliant range ?  
In sickness, pain, the student gains relief 340  
From his own loftiness ennobling grief ;  
He has a blade of joy no mildews blight,  
A secret well-spring of conceal'd delight ;  
Chasten with penury—his store is bought :  
Imprison—can ye carcerate his thought ?  
As seer conducted by a seraph's hand,  
His mind claims egress, massive gates expand !

Exile, if conscience-clear he loves to roam,  
The world his country, earth his fleeting home ;  
Where learning harbours, there should harbour friends,  
And link masonic Oxford wanderers blends. 351

Nor are thy claims, celestial Science, spurn'd ;  
Is no rich incense on thy altars burn'd ?  
The myrrh is offer'd, and the victim bleeds,  
And laurell'd portals testify thy meeds.  
Science ! 'tis thine to measure boundless space,  
And ride on comets thro' their fiery race !  
Erratic strangers ! fearful aliens, where  
Unbraid they tresses of their glowing hair ?  
'Tis thine to track the meteor's giddy car ! 360  
Girdle the Pleiads ! step from star to star !  
Search how they fill with melody their round !  
Feed urns of light, complete the plenar bound !  
In seeming strife to point their peaceful course,  
'Mid bright confusion one unchanging source !  
To Calpe's cliff, to Lonna's lonely steep,  
Thy presence guides the roamer of the deep !  
And bids the planet from its height descend,  
To lead the stranger as presiding friend !

Thy voice nerves Enterprise to brave the pole ! 370  
Seek worlds which roll above, and worlds which round  
her roll !  
'Tis thine the curtain'd firmament to bare,  
To analyze the gems of earth and air ;  
To prove the strength of elements, and look  
On earths and metals, as in Nature's book ;  
For dream'd not Alchymist with vacant cause  
Of fusing gold, who moulded chemic laws.  
To tell what potency reflects the beam,  
And separates parts of light in subtle stream :  
Why æther decks in colours ever new ; 380  
Why blend the clouds, why drops the quick'ning dew ;  
And make more useful every use which yields  
The gift of Nature, and enrich the fields.  
Thy glance the secret of the bow betrays,  
Direct as light, and pervious as its rays.  
Thy boastful dictum moves no sage's mirth ;  
Give me a centre, I will stir the earth.  
Flowers at thy bidding barren heaths adorn,  
And tracts uncultur'd swell with juicy corn !  
No shrub, which closes with the closing light ; 390  
No plant of Lebanon eludes thy sight !



The rigid metal rings out dulcet notes ;  
From sapless log the shepherd's carol floats !  
Thy Franklin's hands the lightning's wrath confine,  
And Davy fearless walks the fœtid mine ;  
The earth undelug'd springs to Cuvier's eye,  
And other Halleys fasten on the sky ;  
Such homage Science claims, nor is her throne  
Sustain'd by Cam, the willow fring'd, alone.  
Isis rebels not from her mild command, 400  
Nor wrests the sceptre from her potent hand :  
Witness those studies which interpret earth,  
And tell the secret of the valley's birth ;  
When man woke joyous as creation bright,  
And infant suns amaz'd with novel light,  
Which beckon Nature from alluvial tomb,  
Unshadow gorges of perennial gloom ;  
Measure what clefts were sunk by welling wave,  
And flood with light the dark and hidden cave ;  
Rend from the craig's hard grasp the diamond's stem,  
Bid hoarding sands yield up the coral gem ; 411  
Point to where dingles glow with sparry mines,  
And the gemm'd plane with watery topaz shines ;  
Which steal Aladdin's wand from knowledge bold,  
Strike barren hills, and, lo ! the caves of gold !

Buckland, whose arm upholding curious youth,  
Makes fossil remnants eloquent of truth;  
Whose eye of truth the darkling deep divides,  
And proves the Scripture from its perish'd tides.  
Buckland! thy praise is rung from rock to rock, 420  
Bound with earth's strata to the final shock,  
Till the plains shiver, and the mountains meet,  
And reels the world, as reveller, from its seat.  
While such transforming talismans combine,  
Each sense to sublimate, each thought refine;  
With Hermal touch awake the torpid breast,  
And lull rebellious passions into rest.  
Why have ye, bards oblivious, flung your spells  
O'er each fair visitant of mental cells?  
Have trac'd Imagination thro' the storm, 430  
And pencill'd in the bow her Ariel form;  
Have bodied Hope, that flutterer of the wind,  
Which Death, th' all strong, is impotent to bind;  
Have twin'd a bower for Memory, where she blends  
With evening's dews her sighs for parted friends;  
Yet fail'd to deify the purest guest  
Which ever centr'd in a human breast;  
Knowledge, the stem of virtue, and the flower;  
Knowledge, the sister synonyme of power?

Had Phidias grav'd her majesty of mien, 440  
Or Zeuxis bless'd his pallet with her sheen ;  
No loftier form of fantasy had trod  
The spangled pavement of each dreamy god ;  
With every feature, emanating soul,  
A brow expanded as the prophet's scroll ;  
With eye which might the starry depths have riv'n,  
And hand uplifted to the cope of heaven.  
August as Juno, when, in beauteous pride,  
Her sandal graz'd the woody tops of Ide ;  
Full-arm'd as Pallas, when she sprung to birth, 450  
Commanding homage from the sons of earth.  
Spirit of knowledge ! mount the glowing car,  
Rival the speed, and circumstance of war ;  
Truth shall confirm her helmet on your head,  
Before you Freedom shall her ægis spread,  
Where ocean wanders, forms of Glory dare ;  
Where bursts a sunbeam, knowledge ! enter there !  
Redeem the breath, the little breath we draw,  
And ratify Creation's primal law.  
" Let there be light," let continent and isle 460  
Glow in your presence, wanton in your smile ;  
Kindle in desert tracts your beacons bright,  
Primal, essential, all-pervading light.

Let healing dews attest your path of love,  
Quickened existence, swift as motion move;  
E'en now La Plata's solitary roar  
Has caught your echoes on its long-lost shore;  
E'en now your heralds greet a ransom'd zone,  
And Bolivar conducts you to the throne.  
E'en now the Greek bursts ligaments of peace, 470  
An earthquake heaves the rumbling shores of Greece.  
Know ye the land where ardent freedom pines,  
As health when prison'd in the sultry mines?  
Where breathes no freshness from the morning air,  
Thought, Fancy, Feeling, all degenerate there,  
Where nature solely claims primæval sway,  
Her skies unclouded, and her sunbeams gay;  
Fair are the fields, the seas—lakes—mountains grand,  
Man, the sole dwindler in a fairy land!  
Know ye that bondsman in the saffron vest, 480  
With eye which seeks the ground, and sunken chest?  
A scion of those chiefs who sway'd the earth,  
He stoops and sighs not, reckless of his birth;  
The Paynims mock, he ceases to complain,  
The brand which stamp'd the brow has sear'd the brain;  
His limbs appear degenerate in their span,  
The spirit lives in marble—not in man;



Tho' vivid flashes of electric light,  
Subline the blackness of his moral night.  
Life ripples not, a darkly oozing stream, 490  
And reason roams in opium's feverish dream;  
The mind is bow'd by heaviness of pain,  
The sinew stiffen'd with contracting chain!  
Cease, gloomy chronicler, retracings cease!  
That mind was Grecian, and that country Greece;  
A thousand watch-fires flash the night away,  
From proud Lepanto leaps the signal ray;  
Purples the Malian surge with joyful beam,  
Hæmus is quick'ned, sparkles Peneus' stream,  
And stirs each isle by holy Delos set, 500  
As stars encircling Cynthia's coronet.  
Lo! eager boys have hurl'd the trembling brand,  
Darts have shone ghastly from a female's hand,  
Whose heart once, tun'd to luxury's jestive hours,  
Knew but to cypher emblematic flowers;  
Yet march the spoiler's of the turban'd brow,  
To stifle hope, and crush the Christian's vow;  
Ring out the tocsin! Will not Europe hear?  
Wave the alarm-fires! Are no succours near?  
Leaps from the scabbard no true sword to save 510  
The maiden city from its final grave?

As that weak trembler droop'd the giddy wing,  
Which coursing earthward from the vulture's spring,  
In human breasts a shelter sought, nor found,  
Dash'd from its ruthless covert to the ground ;  
Tho' hangs not now that ire-inflated cloud,  
Which wrapp'd the Median banners in its shroud ;  
Heavy with vengeance, and a whirlwind bore  
On Median hosts profaning Helle's shore ;  
Tho' Nature rends for Greece no secret seal, 520  
No tempests crash for her the deaf'ning peal ;  
No seraphs wing'd on flame alarm the sky  
With blades of light, whose flash no mortal eye  
Could view unscath'd, destroy the Paynim host  
At one vast sweep, and change their haughty boast  
To bitter wailing—yet may Grecian trust  
The God of battle, merciful and just,  
Who mark'd with ire the ground where Mercy stood—  
Go, curse ye bitterly her men of blood !  
O ! would the Greek his pass of Pylæ read, 530  
How bled his fathers, how the brave should bleed ;  
O ! would the Suliote purify his brand  
From drops of murder, and the Mainote band ;  
Spurn angry discord, scourger of his state,  
Spurn sordid faction, and fanatic hate ;

Tho' Christendom her chivalry defame,  
A deep erasure from her scrolls of claim ;  
He yet again should bend th' unshackled knee  
On graves of Heroes, Athens should be free!  
And rays of new renown relieve past gloom, 540  
As moonlight stealing to a warrior's tomb ;  
Nor should black flag flap sullen to the breeze,  
Or fling defiling shade o'er holy seas :  
No more should Patriarch, robed in sackcloth, shed  
Ashes, not unguents, on his crownless head ;  
No more should climes which Heaven propos'd to bless,  
Stamping in characters of loveliness,  
Whose suns are glorious, and whose streaming moon  
Lights up rich purple on the green festoon,  
Where Tempé slumbers, relic of the storm, 550  
And Pydna rests, the shadow, not the form ;  
No more should summer orchards of the vine,  
For perjur'd Lords their luscious clusters twine ;  
Nor Nature smile with Nature's earliest grace,  
For man to mar—for Islam to deface ;  
Yes ! Faith predicts, and who shall dare to ban  
What frees the brave, what franchises the man ;  
She views thro' darkness prospects sweetly fair,  
And hers the strength to grapple with despair ;

The ruby's wealth on christian brows shall shine 560  
In pale Byzantium, halls of Constantine ;  
Empire shall build anew her shatter'd walls,  
And Truth and Knowledge meet in Cæsar's halls.

On, Forms celestial ! blessings on your speed,  
No fragile bliss the grant, no fragile fame, the meed—  
To Nile—to Indus—to the burning plain  
By dusky Niger—golden Taprobane—  
To hoar Euphrates with its awful sweep,  
River of Eden, primate of the deep,  
Where suns shoot down red arrows thro' the air, 570  
Siroccoes scathe, Hyenas seek a lair,  
And moan responsive to the sullen sound,  
As one pile more drops crashing to the ground  
From pillar'd Balbec, in whose silent range  
Princes might moralize on earthly change !

Nor linger more, ye Visitants divine,  
To shed rich balm on dewless Palestine ;  
For ignorance sleeps beneath the wither'd palm,  
Rob'd in the mists of midnight and the calm ;  
Have ye no blissful visions, dimly bright, 580  
Prophetic gleamings of empyreal light,



For that dark race which spurn'd with like disdain  
The Galilæan's, and the Roman's reign  
Which digs the grave, and builds the chamber there,  
Where roam the waters, circles æther where :  
Yes ! glory breaks on Hermon's flashing mount,  
And Mercy floats from Jordan's healing fount,  
And seraph pinions lead the ransom'd line,—  
Salem exult ! the final triumph thine—  
Wave the proud banner, the glad timbrel ring,      590  
He comes, the Shiloh comes, and Sion hails her King.

Away, where savages have shunn'd to dwell,  
Where instinct slumbers in the torpid shell,  
To ice-ribb'd glaciers with fantastic steep  
Ruling the stillness of the frozen deep ;  
Conflict with rushing billows as they roll,  
And with your Britons venture on the pole ;  
And, when your course of glory has been run,  
Far as career the coursers of the sun,  
When, finally releas'd from slavery's ban,      600  
Man claims in thought community with man ;  
And, livid shades of selfish ignorance gone,  
The isles of ocean are in knowledge one ;

Thou shalt be honour'd, Mother of my song,  
Amid each change of kindred, tribe, and tongue—  
For thine th' eternal Triumph of the Mind,  
The world thy tablet, chroniclers mankind !



## NOTES TO PART II.

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Note 1, line 43.

*The men of God, who heaven-ward tempt to rise,  
And mount by Jacob's stair-way to the skies.*

Genesis, 28th chap. verse 12.—“ And he dreamed and beheld a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.”

Note 2, line 59.

*Else have we bow'd the head in Rimmon's fane,  
And trod the sounding porticoes in vain.*

Albeit University discipline is not so exact, as it was in the days of ‘ Maister Thomas Lever,’ who thus describes it in a sermon preached at ‘ Poulis Cross, the 13th day of December, 1550. “ There be divers which rise dailie betwixt iiii and fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyve until syxe of the clocke use common prayer, with an exhortation of God's word, in a common chapell, and from syxe untoo ten use ever eyther private studie, or commune lec-



tures. At ten of the clocke they go to dinner, where as they be contente with a penie peice of befe amongst iiii, havinge a few potage made of the brothe of the same beefe, with salt and oatmeal, and nothing elles. After this slender dyner they be either teachinge or learninge until v of the clocke in the evyning, when as they have a supper not muche better than their dinner immediatelie after the which they go either to reasoning in problemes, or unto some other studie, until it be nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there beyng without fire, are faine to walk, or runne up and downe halfe a houre to hete on their fete when they go to bed."

Note 3, line 63.

*With classic converse in the classic shade,  
As Numa bearing from th' Egerian maid  
Tablets unearthly.*

Livy informs us, that Numa pretended to have derived his laws from conversations with the goddess Egeria, in order that the rude Romans might respect them the more readily. Juvenal has a pretty allusion to the local tradition in his 3d Satire.

Note 4, line 65.

*Tell your treasure gain'd,  
Unchanged, unchangeable, by none profan'd.*

It is curious to observe, what a *penchant* Locke had for a

civic education, and to those who have pursued the course of Oxford reading, his catalogue of useful books will be amusing. They will be immersed 20 fathoms deep, deeper than plummet ever sounded, if such authors are to be studied, even with the sanction of his celebrated name. The Greek books were Hesiod, Aratus, the Periegesis of Dionysius, Oppian's Cynogetics, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Calaber, Plutarch's Philosophical Works, Geminus's Astronomy, the Cyropædia and Anabasis of Xenophon, the Stratagems of Polyænus, and Ælian's Tactics. The Latin books selected for his pupils were the agricultural works of Cato, Columella, Varro, and Palladius; the medical treatise of Cornelius Celsus, Pliny's Natural History, Architecture of Vitruvius, Frontinus's Stratagems, and the Philosophical Poems of Lucretius and Manilius. Who can read this, and blame the Monks for scribbling over the manuscript copies of Livy disquisitions of Aquinas?

Note 5, line 68.

*One fleece unwet by evening's dew.*

See Judges, chap. 6, v. 36, 37, 38.

Note 6, line 75.

*Not as the sapient Thebans, when afraid*

*To tell the motive of the rites they paid.*

The story is told by the Abbe Barthelemi, in his 'Travels

of Anacharsis,' but I forget on what authority, whether Ælian or Plutarch.

Note 7, line 85.

*As Ruth the aged Naomi addrest,  
I will not leave thee, blessing I am blest.*

“ And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

“ Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”

Note 8, line 89.

*She summons muse of Plato, Reason's bride,  
And summons from the porch Stagira's pride.*

It has been somewhat quaintly proposed, that the motto of the University, ‘ Dominus illuminatio mea,’ should be changed to Aristotle’s ‘ meæ tenebræ.’ The present motto is too good to stand in need of alteration, but if such a Philosopher is dark, ‘ darkness, be thou my light.’

Note 9, line 95.

*Declares what end, as archers at a scope,  
Our race pursues, and how to guide their hope.*

The utility with which many pore over metaphysics, is vividly pourtrayed by Marston, in his old plays.

“ Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I turn’d leaves,  
Toss’d o’er the dunces, bor’d on the old print  
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept,  
Still on went I, first an sit anima.

Then, an it were mortal; oh, hold, hold,  
At that they are at brain buffets, fast by the ears,  
A-main, pell-mell together—still my spaniel slept.  
Then whether ’twere corporeal, local, fixed,  
I thought, quoted, read, observ’d, and pried,  
Stuff’d noting books, and still my spaniel slept;  
At length he wak’d, and yawn’d, and, by yon sky,  
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.”

Note 10, line 119.

*Whose sire illumining Athens’ missal page,  
Bequeath’d rich legacy from age to age.*

Hume says, the first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real history. But we will not surrender the annals of Babylon and Media to the scepticism of the critic, when they are confirmed by so many passages of scripture, much less the battles of Marathon and Salamis. Herodotus is the prattling sire of history, a veracious, though credulous, anecdotist.

Note 11, line 135.

*Darkly succeeds th’ anatomist, stern sage,  
Who scorn’d to tend sweet poesy’s fair page.*

Thucydides.—His description of the plague at Athens, of



the surrender of the Plateæans—of the sedition at Corcyra, and the defeat in Sicily, are better calculated than any other descriptions on record to move the passions of terror and pity, to harass the heart. His Plague has been imitated by the most famous poets and annalists, but only one appears to have equalled the original—Defoe, in his narrative of the Plague at London, which cannot be read without a shudder, a creeping of the flesh.

Note 12, line 149.

*Nor will the genius of Italia fail  
To lead her Livy with his pictur'd tale.*

The following passage is from Pliny's Letters: "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again?" A veneration still more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonso, king of Naples, who, in 1451, sent his ambassador to the Venetians, in whose dominions the bones of Livy had been lately discovered, to beg a relic of the celebrated historian: they presented him with an arm-bone.—*Hayley.*

Note 13, line 172.

*And Philip's phalanx prove a mortal band.*

In allusion to the Macedonian phalanx being termed the immortal band.

Note 14, line 177.

*And partial Time has spared thee the disgrace  
Of mourning factious wars and recreant race.*

“The Decades of Livy are lost, which treat of the commencement of the social war, the commencement of the fall of the republic, when the revolts of the allies, followed by their admission to the citizenship, shook the whole ancient Roman polity, the senate rapidly degenerated into a feeble oligarchy, and the people into a corrupt faction.”—*Croby*.

Note 15, line 185—189.

*To picture scenes more dark than Cimbri wood.*

*That lurks in Caprea's craig imperial fear.*

“What a picture have we of Tiberius, the close, disguised, systematic tyrant! the slave, in the isle of Caprea, to his unnatural vices; and, amidst his pleasures, a prey to his own guilty conscience! We behold his inward torture, the

‘*laniatus pectoris.*’ What landscape painter can equal the description of the field covered with the limbs of the legions slaughtered under Varus? A profound judge of men, and a severe censor of the manners, he has delineated, with the keen eye of a master, the character and the very inward frame of the vile and profligate: while the good and upright receive, in his immortal page, the recompense due to their virtue.”—*Murphy.*

Note 16, line 203.

*All who have struck the chords of Jubal's lyre,  
And round whose brows has play'd celestial fire.*

One of the most propitious omens of future greatness was lambent and innocuous fire playing round the head of a child. We find the portent more than once mentioned by Livy, and in the Second *Æneid* of Julius :

“*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Juli  
Lambere flammâ comas, et circum tempora pasci.  
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem  
Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.*”

Note 17, line 213.

*Then pants the soul, with mimic horrors faint,  
While earth, air, ocean trembles to the plaint  
Of the fire-donor.*

*Prometheus.*

Note 18, line 217.

*Gigantic Æschylus! if spirits roam,  
In Shakspeare's bosom thine has found a home.*

“ Æschylus held his military character more at heart than his literary one, and directed to be engraved on his tombstone a distich in long and short verse, in which he appeals to the field of Marathon, and the long-haired Mede to bear witness to his valour. This personal gallantry gives a strong and manly colouring to his composition: it is the characteristic of his genius; and his pen, like his sword, is a weapon of terror. The spectacle which his drama exhibits, is that of one sublime, simple scene of awful magnificence; his sentiment and style are in unison with his subject; and though he is charged with having written his poem in a state of inebriety, to which he was in general addicted, still they do not betray the traces of a confused imagination, though they may occasionally of an inflated one.”—*Cumberland*.

Note 19, line 227.

*Rise! comic censor of Athenian stage,  
Thou ribald statesman, thou buffooning sage.*

The following lines allude to the several characters which are introduced with such mock gravity, “the very incarnations



of drollery," in the Comedies of Aristophanes. In his "Acharnians," he gives a glowing description of Athenian assemblies at the Pnyx; in his "Knights," he holds up to scorn the turbulent demagogue Cleon, and in his "Clouds," shows off Socrates in a basket, to any thing but advantage; in his Comedy of "Peace," he mounts the factious Athenian on a beetle, and so transports him to hold conference with Mercury.

Note 20, line 235.

*Rise! thou rude breather of the Doric shell.*

Theocritus.

Note 21, line 251.

*Wake thee, Catullus, dreamer light and gay,*

*With Ariadne passioning.*

The fates of Pelion and Thetis, in which this Episode is introduced, is one of the most beautiful gems in the cabinet of Catullus. Shakspeare alludes to this exquisite little Poem—

"Tell of Ariadne passioning,  
Of Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight."

Note 22, line 284.

*Not Zeno's heartlessness, Eudoxus' bowl.*

Eudoxus was the forerunner of Epicurus, and attempted to

prove that pleasure was the chief good, from its never being praised by philosophers—ergo, beyond praise.

Note 23, line 331.

*Unlike the shadowy elm, whose foliage teems  
In darkling Hades, with ephemeral dreams.*

What scholar can forget the description of Virgil?

“ In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit  
Ulmus opaca, ingens ; quam sedem Somnia vulgò  
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent.”

Note 24, line 333.

*The tree of knowledge shades that welling wave,  
Bethesda-like, which heals the few who lave.*

St. John, chap. v. 2, 3, 4.

Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water : whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

Note 25, line 351.

*Nor are thy claims, celestial Science, spurn'd ;  
Is no rich incense on thy altars burn'd ?*

This description of the benefits to be derived from science is, in some degree, adumbrated from the following sublime passage of Barrow, which is long, but not prolix : “ We receive from the Mathematics the principal delights of life, securities of health, increase of fortune, and conveniences of labour ; to them we owe that we dwell elegantly and commodiously, build decent houses for ourselves, erect stately temples to God, and leave wonderful monuments to posterity : that we are protected by those rampires from the incursions of the enemy ; rightly use arms, skilfully range an army, and manage war by art, and not by the madness of wild beasts : that we have safe traffic through the deceitful billows, pass in a direct road through the trackless ways of the sea, and come to the designed ports by the uncertain impulse of the winds : that we rightly cast up our accounts, do business expeditiously, dispose, calculate, and tabulate scattered ranks of numbers, and easily compute huge heaps of sand—nay, immense hills of atoms : that we make pacific separations of the bounds of lands, examine the moments of weights in an equal balance, and distribute every one his own by a just

measure : that by a light touch we thrust forward vast bodies which way we will, and stop a huge resistance with a very small force : that we accurately delineate the face of this earthly orb, and subject the economy of the universe to our sight : that we aptly digest the flowing series of time, distinguish what is acted by due intervals, rightly account and discern the various returns of the seasons, the stated periods of years and months, the alternate increments of days and nights, the doubtful limits of light and shadow, and the exact differences of hours and minutes : that we derive the subtle virtues of the solar rays to our uses, infinitely extend the sphere of sight, enlarge the near appearances of things, bring to hand things remote, discover things hidden, search nature out of her concealments, and unfold her dark mysteries : that we delight our eyes with beautiful images, cunningly imitate the decrees and pourtray the works of nature ; imitate did I say ? nay, excel, while we form to ourselves things not in being, exhibit things absent, and represent things past : that we recreate our minds and delight our ears with melodious sounds, attemperate the inconstant undulations of the air to musical tunes, add a pleasant voice to a sapless log, and draw a sweet eloquence from a rigid metal ; celebrate our Maker with an harmonious praise, and not unaptly imitate the blessed choir of heaven : that we approach and examine the inaccessible seats of the clouds, the distant



tracts of land, unfrequented paths of the sea ; lofty tops of the mountains, low bottoms of the valleys, and deep gulfs of the ocean : that in heart we advance to the saints themselves above, yea, draw them to us, scale the ethereal towers, freely range through the celestial fields, measure the magnitudes and determine the interstices of the stars, prescribe inviolable laws to the heavens themselves, and confine the wandering circuits of the stars within strict bounds ; lastly, that we comprehend the huge fabric of the universe, admire and contemplate the wonderful beauty of the divine workmanship, and so learn the incredible force and sagacity of our own minds by certain experiments, so as to acknowledge the blessings of heaven with a pious affection."

Note 26, line 439.

*Knowledge, the sister synonyme of power.*

"The greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last, or farthest end of knowledge, for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes on a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite : sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight ; sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for

lucre and profession ; and seldóm sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men ; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon ; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention ; or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Note 27, line 509.

*Wave the alarm-fires! Are no succours near?*

The ancient Greeks, when besieged and in distress, waved torches, which they termed "alarm-fires," from the walls.—The Quarterly Review has a noble sentence on the present eventful crisis :—"We will not endure that our trade may be extended over a wider territory, that our ships may sweep unresisted over an ampler expanse of ocean—we will not endure that the children of that land, to which we owe every thing, after religion most valuable, science, art, poetry, philosophy, whose voice awakened us from the deep slumbers of barbarism, and directed us to the attainment of intellectual

superiority—that that land, with all its recollections—its images of beauty—its temples, worn by the footsteps of heroes—its sacred mountains, and poetic streams, should be left desolate, a prey to the ferocity of barbarians, without feelings to sympathise with departed greatness, without generosity to pardon the unsuccessful efforts of patriotic devotion, without religion to stay the slaughtering hand, when despair pleads for mercy.”

Note 28, line 566.

*To Nile—to Indus—to the burning plain  
By dusky Niger—golden Taprobane.*

“The islands stretching from Ceylon (Taprobane) to the ‘*flammantia mœnia mundi*,’ were held to be the very empire of sorcery. The grandeur of nature in those remote and lovely regions—the exotic luxuriance of the land of spices and incense, the banks of pearl, and mines of diamond, the eternal forests, the haunts of animals, on which fable had been exhausted—the superb and gloomy cavern-worship—the boundless terrors of the Indian storm—the matchless magnificence of the evening, when the typhoon has past, and the sun, that great sultan, goes down into a sea of gold and purple—exalted the imagination of men to all the wonderful and wild.”—*Croby*:

Note 29, line 604.

*Honour'd, Mother of my song.*

We must not omit, “*apropos de rien*,” when lauding Oxford, to mention, that though she has degenerated with respect to the manufacture of gloves, she is as famous still for her sausages, as Worcester for female beauty, or Shrewsbury for cakes.

THE END.



THE YEAR OF 1877

THE YEAR OF 1877

It is a well-known fact, that the year 1877, was a year of great importance to the world. It was a year of great events, and of great changes. It was a year of great progress, and of great achievement. It was a year of great glory, and of great honor. It was a year of great triumph, and of great success. It was a year of great joy, and of great happiness. It was a year of great peace, and of great harmony. It was a year of great love, and of great kindness. It was a year of great faith, and of great hope. It was a year of great courage, and of great strength. It was a year of great wisdom, and of great understanding. It was a year of great knowledge, and of great learning. It was a year of great skill, and of great art. It was a year of great beauty, and of great grace. It was a year of great power, and of great influence. It was a year of great wealth, and of great abundance. It was a year of great health, and of great vitality. It was a year of great happiness, and of great contentment. It was a year of great peace, and of great harmony. It was a year of great love, and of great kindness. It was a year of great faith, and of great hope. It was a year of great courage, and of great strength. It was a year of great wisdom, and of great understanding. It was a year of great knowledge, and of great learning. It was a year of great skill, and of great art. It was a year of great beauty, and of great grace. It was a year of great power, and of great influence. It was a year of great wealth, and of great abundance. It was a year of great health, and of great vitality. It was a year of great happiness, and of great contentment.

THE YEAR OF 1877











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